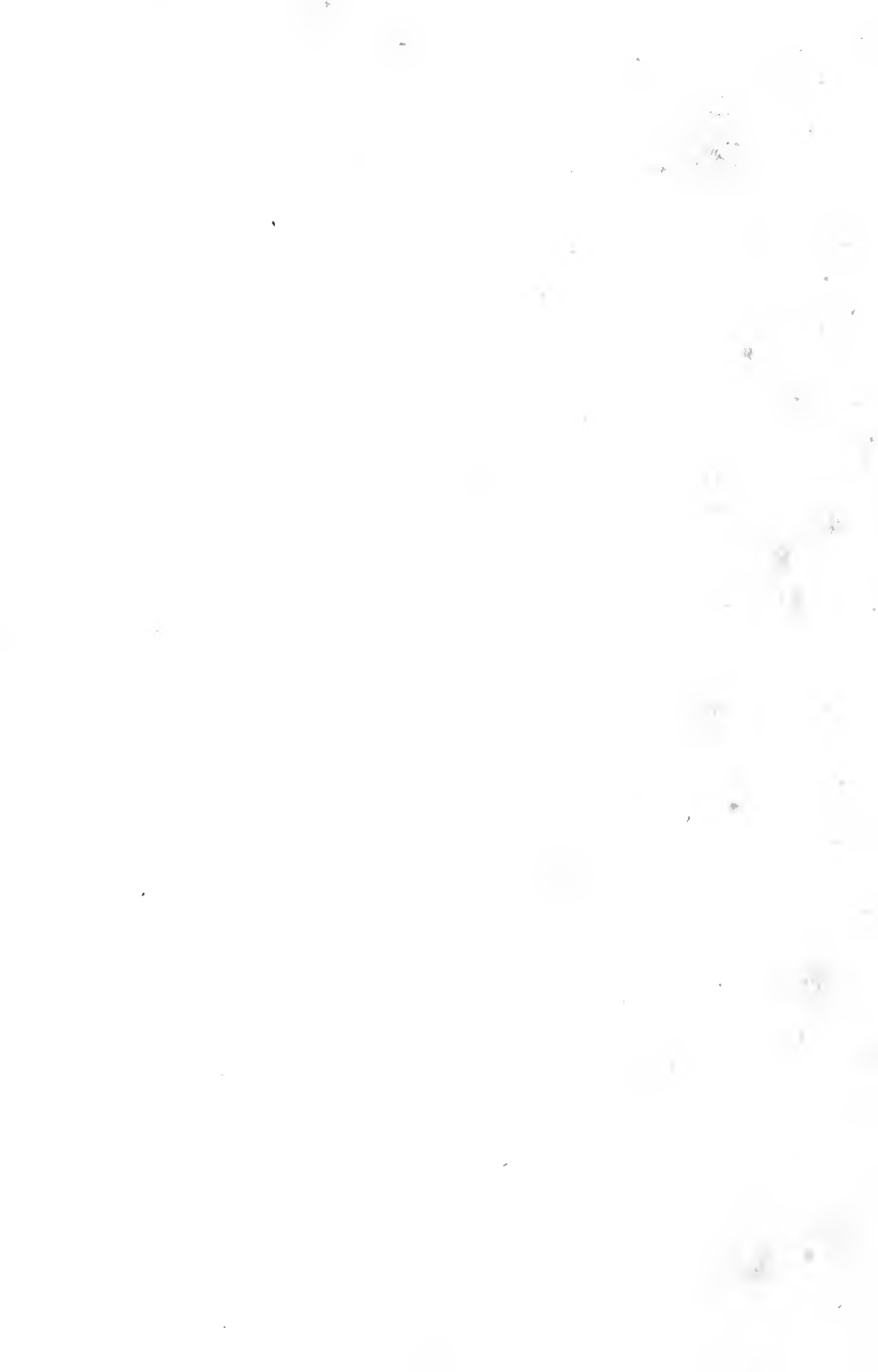


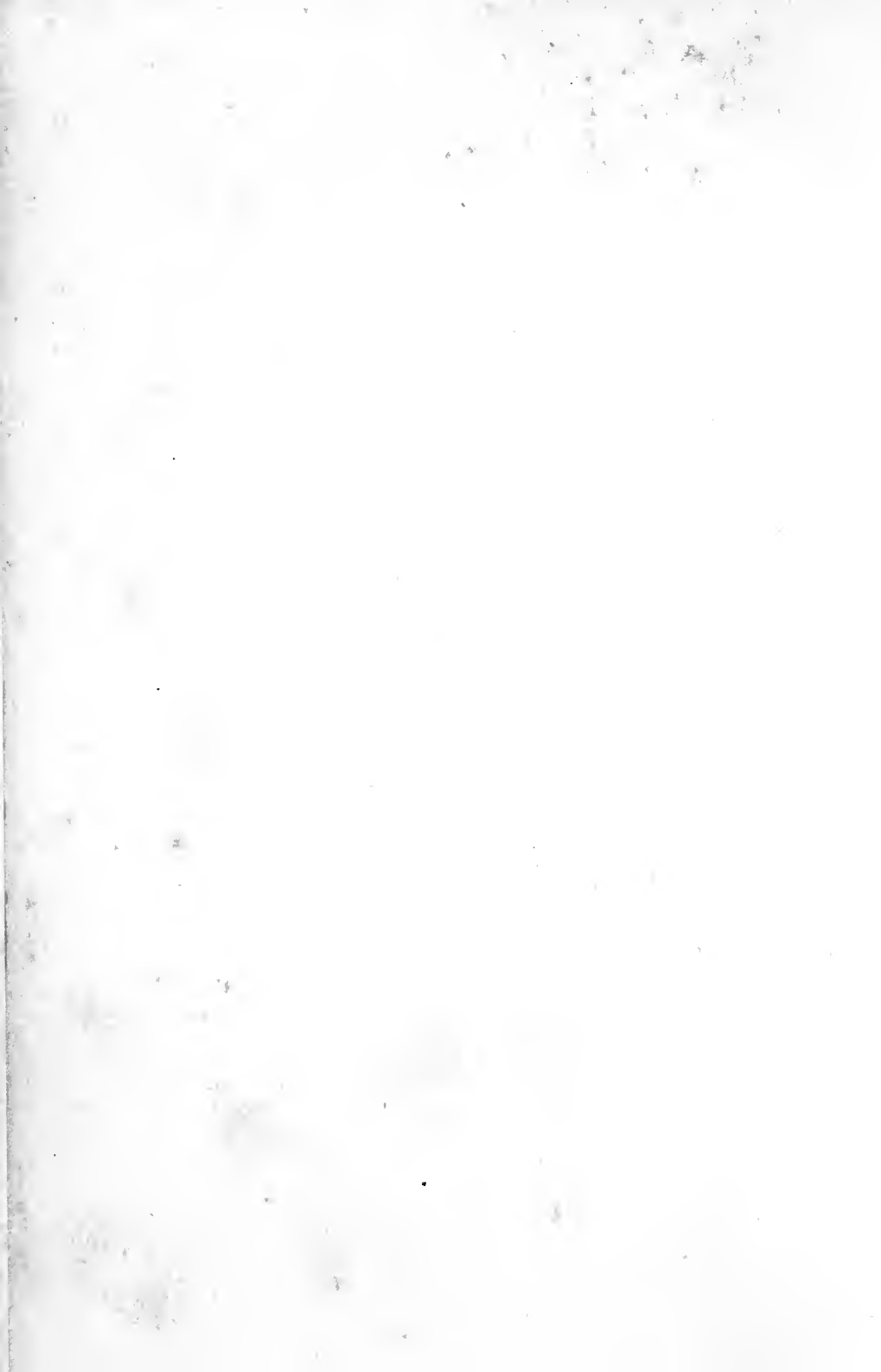


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COLLECTED POEMS

AND

THE WINDOW OF SOULS

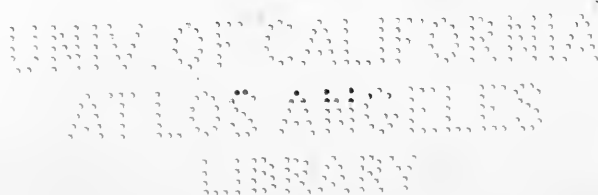
BY
HENRY E. HARMAN, Litt. D.

AUTHOR OF
DREAMS OF YESTERDAY GATES OF TWILIGHT
IN LOVES DOMAIN A BAR OF SONG

APOLOGIA

*From the passionate mouth
Of my mother, The South,
I heard these songs I bring to you;
But her flute-like tone
Alas! is gone,
So I've had to sing them over anew:
Yet fortunate notes have come to me
If I sing one song in the mother key.*

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AIRBORNE TO VIBU
21.10.1922
YR. 1922

A FOREWORD

I have put into this little book of verse the soul-work of ten years; the very joy of living.

These poems have been written in the idle moments of a very busy period, caught, as it were, from the spirit of inspiration which would come unheralded, amid the almost incessant cares of a business career—a career which has left scant opportunity for dreaming.

But the world is so full of beautiful things and life itself is such a wonderful revelation of interest and beauty that these thoughts of the ideal could not be suppressed. And, lacking in thought and artistic finish, as these lines are, they, nevertheless, echo the cry of a soul in full accord and in love with God's marvelous plan of light and shade, sound and silence, grief and joy and the pictured glory of Nature's world, and the finer chords of feeling and sympathy which beat in every human heart.

All Nature is one great poem; the changing season, the death of flowers and their resurrection, the gift of the ripened fields of wheat and corn, the bird life in wood and meadow, their nesting and domestic activities, the varied color of blossoms, the stern silence of great forests, the glory of a cloudless summer day, the wonder of storms, rain, snow, frost and wind, the surly restlessness of the sea, the oppressive mystery of night and the matchless strength which comes with each fresh dawn.

But a greater poem than all these is the human soul—that unclassified part of our nature whose longings go out from the lowest depths of life to the highest part of the unseen hereafter. We can study and

classify all forms of Nature and, in a way, understand her moods and vagaries. But the human soul remains now, as always in the past, an unsolved thing—save that we identify it as the god-part in man, our heritage of immortality. Every soul has its own little closet, in which are kept its broken idols, its tear-stained toys and pictures of faces which are still worshipped. It is a pathetic little place, this holy of holies, to which one goes to think, to pay reverence, or to drink from the cup which once contained life's choicest wine. Every face on the street has its story. Each has its little tragedies, its hopes, its longings, its aspirations. How could humanity be else than one great poem, full of all that is tender, pathetic and beautiful.

Out of a sympathy with, and a study of, these phases of nature and life these unpretentious songs have been sung. They are full of imperfections and lack that finer finish which more leisure in writing them could have given. And yet, no matter how well the poet's work may be done, how lofty the art he may put in his lines, the result is always a disappointment. One hears the divine music, but human limitations deny the ability to transcribe the melody which fills the soul. Our language is rich in words and fine expressions, but seems poor when we try to tell in human words a music which is divine. The artist, or the poet, can only do his best and leave his work to humanity as an echo of the divine things his innermost soul has heard and seen.

So I give to the reader these simple songs in the hope that he may catch and feel some of the inspiration which came to me in writing them. If this be accomplished even their imperfections will disappear, and the making of this little book will have served its purpose.

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LOVE SONGS

*When lights are lowered in the hall, if we
Into the hidden future's face could see
And know that but a little span remains,
How tender would the good-night kisses be!*



MY SONG AND I

My song and I, when April's all a-quiver,
Fare forth to find some shy, untrodden place,
Often along the quiet, dreaming river,
With Spring's new glory fresh upon our face:—
 Fair fields below, above, the bluest sky
 As we go forth, my song and I.

Sometimes we meet a beggar on the way
Needy of alms in plenteous world like this,
And forth to him our scanty coins we pay
And then behold the space is filled with bliss
 Adown the vale and up to yonder sky
 As we fare forth, my song and I.

Somehow, the tulip burns a deeper red,
The rose has shyer sweetness in its face:—
I feel a deeper blessing rest upon my head
And more of God and Joy in every place:
 Wher'er our path may lead, both low and high
 As we go forth, my song and I.

When twilight leans from the blue and slips
Its nameless glow upon the sunset there,
The face of Gladness lifts her ruddy lips
For us to kiss—Ah! face surpassing fair!
 God's glory seems forever passing by
 As we go forth, my song and I.

YOUR ABSENCE

The cherry trees have bloomed again since last you
went away
But I am weary and have missed your presence just
as they;
I walk among our garden things and tell them you'll
return,
Though, as I softly lisp your name, the words with
sorrow burn.

The daffodils came back on time, with cups all full
of gold,
Yet did not bring the thrill of joy they brought in
days of old,
And well I know, along the hedge, where they are
wont to grow,
They miss the step and welcome smile of one who
loves them so.

Our mocking-bird is singing now along the wild
rose lane,
And busy thrush is singing too, but in a minor strain;
I did not know how much your voice was woven in
each lay
Of every blessed bird of ours, until you went away.

I wish for words as many as leaves upon the trees
And words as sweet as meadow blooms that lure the
crafty bees
That I could tell you, o'er the miles that separate us
far,
How all the glories of the Spring are asking where
you are.

WE GROW NOT OLD

I

We grow not old. We are but children yet
Even when Time her whitened crown has sown;
We suffer tense—then quickly we forget,
Barter the now for future joy unknown.

II

I've lived, I've loved, I've suffered; these have made
Time's little span from April's spring to spring;
I've staked and won; I've staked and lost and paid,
And with it all life's such a blessed thing.

III

We grow old: While winds of Age are blowing
We build new walls, where castles stood before;
With Hope we go, the seeds of joy be-sowing,
As if we stood at Life's unopened door.

WAY DOWN IN CAROLINE

If I were king or seraph
Secure upon a throne,
With all the world could give me,
These gladly I'd disown,
If Time would change to other days,
Where childhood's memories twine,
And you and I could love once more
Way down in Caroline!

Perhaps 'twas not so passioned
As that of later years,
So strongly made and fashioned
That filled the soul with tears;
But it was true and tender
As leaves on jasmine vine,
When you and I were lovers,
Way down in Caroline!

The years have crowded thick and fast—
The hand of care has left its trace,
And many a shadow of the past
Has marred the lines of childhood's face.
Yet these can never fade nor dim
The tender thoughts that yet entwine
Our hearts, when love first sang his hymn
Way down in Caroline.

Clear shines the sun—and twilight calls—
With many a tender mystery,
And somehow plenteous blessings fall
Upon life's later road for me;
But, ah! I'd give them, one by one,
If childhood's sun once more would shine
And you and I could love once more—
Once more, in Caroline!
Way down in Caroline.

THE RUBAIYAT AND YOU

I

Today I found old Omar's song you sent
Me years and years ago, with many a burning line
Marked by your hand;—Your love and his were blent
From page to page. A new joy seemed to shine
 From Persian singer, dawning all anew
 From out the sweet, dead years, because of you.

II

Once more the glamor of the faded years shone out
From that Utopian land in which I dreamed
And whence your creed of gladness drove all doubt;
Yet all the years that since have intervened
 Have left no cloud upon life's sky of blue—
 To me the Rubaiyat is still a part of you.

WHEN SHALL WE MEET

The day when we shall meet
Long spent desire will blossom into flame,
Old dreamings wake at whisper of your name
 At coming of your feet.

The days when we shall meet
Full measured joy, somehow, will come to me;
Of all within the gift of Destiny
I shall not ask for more; the melody
 Of love will be complete.

DREAMS OF YOU

Somehow I see you in the wildwood places
Where Nature's pictured canopies unfold
The glory of the blossoms' upturned faces,
Where sylvan silences a tryst unfold
 And where we meet beneath the oaken shade
 As Love's own hand upon our heads is laid.

Out on the hills, with summer sunlight gleaming
You seem to walk beside me where I go—
When all my little world is filled with dreaming
I hear your whisper in the breeze that blow:
 Then by the brook that falls o'er rocky stair
 I pause and find you still beside me there.

But most of all, when Day his dream-book closes
And all the West with gold is set afire,
Somehow your pulsing hand in mine reposes
Then all my soul is rent with old desire:
 And as the night bestars her arch of blue
 Sleep comes to bless me with new dreams of you.

DAY AND NIGHT

Through all the splendor of the day
Men, hand in hand, with Virtue went;
While Sin alone betook his way
With grief and discontent.

But when the lights of day went out,
And lights of night came on,
Men walked the streets with Sin about
While Virtue walked alone.

BECAUSE HE CARRIED LOVE WITHIN HIS HEART

Where'er he went the gayest birds would sing:
Somehow the clouds were never in his sky,
Along his way the rarest flowers would spring,
Life was a Song to him with ne'er a sigh.

All day he toiled, from dawn to sable night,
But whistled as he worked along the way,
And people wondered how one toiler might
Winnow such gladness from each busy day.

None ever guessed even half the joy he knew,
Nor yet how well he played life's little part;
To him the skies above were ever blue
Because he carried love within his heart.

FOR LOVE'S RETURNING

I

I keep the sanded walks all swept and trim.
Along whose edge the budding roses wait—
Listening to hear the quickened step of him
Pass hitherward through yonder open gate.

II

Within my heart the fires of fancy burn!
And Song is busy with his minstrelsy.
Expectant, listening! How I wish and yearn,
Blessing the day when he shall come to me!

III

O Life! O Love! O laggard days that wait—
How slow ye go—and how my eyelids burn
With watching for his presence at the gate!
O Life! O Love! O blessed Love, return!

WITH YOU—WHERE YOU ARE

Where'er your blessed feet shall turn
To whispered footfalls of the night,
The candles there for me shall burn—
Shall burn a holier light
To guide me from the noisy street
To one still room where two shall meet.

Though miles between us intervene
These unto Love can be no bar:
Through mist of night your face serene
Looks up to mine—just as you are;
So when the twilight candles burn
We both toward one doorway turn.

And as you sit within the glow
Where ashen embers blaze and flare
Somehow, I stretch my arms to know
And feel, that you are there,
For ne'er the nightfall lights its star
But I am with you—where you are.

ROSE OF MY GARDEN

Out in the glow of a summer morn,
Out where the mists of the gray dawn lay,
A rose in my beautiful garden was born
And lived its life through one sweet day:
The fair dawn passed with no one to see
This beautiful rose of the morn, save me.

Into my life, when the youth-spell kept
Its mystery dreams of the untried years
The passionate love of a woman swept
And held me fast as one who hears
A siren's call, yet no one knew
The joy she brought to my soul, save you.

THE NOVICE

I

How much of penance must I pay to earn my place
in Paradise!

How far from duty's road may stray, yet find my
welcome in the skies:

The world is full of passion'd things; both
Youth and Love have called to me,

Oh! how the mortal round me clings, while I
would seek eternity!

II

I wonder if the stern world knows, that world which
scoffs at things divine,

How guilt and sin, like winter snows, blow on this
helpless soul of mine!

I count the beads, each one by one, then look
across the fields of May

Where, underneath the blessed sun, Life
beckons where the love-lutes play.

III

I am but human, God must know how frail the novice
soul can be,

And when temptations come and go, alas! what is
there left for me

But woman's wish, by passion fired, concealed
within a woman's heart,

That in the bright, sweet world of Love, my
soul could have its part!

FOR YOUR BIRTHDAY

Strange does it seem that here in this latest summer,
Far from our first, that sleeps where memory stays
That still we should go, with aims that never shall
murmur—

Living one life—one hope—through the long sweet
days.

Tender and good, the measure of Time has waited,
Through all these years, with leisure enough to woo—
As we toiled and loved—with the toil of happiness
sated;

And our souls kept young because of the work to do.

No longer we ask if life be worth the living:
Hence, now, we plead what measure shall yet remain
Of golden years, through which our souls, still giving,
Shall richer grow, like the reapers' yellow grain.

The frost of time, whose touch the head shall whiten,
Nor hand of years, that lines the face with care,
Shall mar your smile; but these shall only heighten,
For me, youth's bloom, forever planted there.

This year comes back with the thoughts of youth
so tender,

That again we walk where the mountain shadows
play—

And, as then, I give, whatever the heart can render,
Of love, that burns to his later, happier day.

HAGAR'S FAREWELL

Farewell, farewell! white tents of girlhood days,
Of maidenhood and of that nameless vale
Where Love first bloomed: and in whose skies
yet sail

The dreams of romance, which cannot avail
Aught now for me, save like unto some toy
With which old Memory plays
And in whose handling finds some scanty joy.

Farewell, white tents, you glitter on the plain,
Like argosies upon some tropic sea!
But ah! the bitterness your sight brings back
to me:

The birth of Love, its bloom, the agony
Of motherhood, but most of all the pain
When Love was scorned, and I
Touched hands with Jealousy,
The memory of which will never die.

See yonder waste, Oh Ishmael, my own!
See yonder sands where never lifts a tree,
Or oasis to shelter you and me:
That is our home. This, with its mystery,
The endless plain, with heat and hunger sown,
Is our abode. Only the stars above,
The orient stars, so full of light and love,
Shall compensate us: these, and liberty.

WHEN LOVE DEPARTED

When Love went out and softly closed the door,
Then paused to look with pathos in his eye,
For me the noon-day sun went from the sky
Alas, and I,
Who had been rich—was desolate and poor!

He kissed his hand from down the narrow lane
That wound unto our cottage of content,
Then slowly turned about and outward went,
Onward intent,
Never to cross this little path again.

I never knew the joy his presence meant
About this ingle nook and down the hall,
Where I so often heard his merry call,
Until this pall
Of his farewell brought me my punishment.

THE GATE

Soft echoes from the temple bells,
The picture of a fallen gate,
And one who needs must wait
Where sad-faced Memory dwells.

She stood inside its topmost bar,
I stood beneath the pine tree shade,
While lutes of twilight played
For her and evening star.

Two roads diverging far apart,
Our fragil craft wrecked on the sea:
Love's memory left for me
This gate and broken heart.

DOGWOOD AND JASMINE

The dogwood fringes woods with white,
The leaves new fragrance bring
While jasmine hangs its yellow lamps
To light the way of Spring.

Yet never blooms the flowers anew
But a face comes back serene;
The dogwood and the jasmine
Both keep her memory green.

WHEN YOU USED TO SING

I

When twilight shadows burn to softer glowing
And weary day with toiling is be-spent,
When night comes on so lavishly be-sowing,
With silver stars the sullen firmament;
When footsteps turn toward the embers burning
And memory twines about each cherished thing.
Ah! how my soul is filled with nameless yearning,
As in the past, once more to hear you sing!

II

The silent halls, as in the days long ended
Are just the same—your picture on the wall—
Your music there, in light and darkness blended,
No sound within—save when I hear you call:
Soft as the stillness, where the twilight lingers
Your words come back from memory's scented
spring
The ivory keys are touched by vanished fingers,
And as of old, once more I hear you sing.

FLOWERS OF YESTERDAY

The bright wistaria hangs its plumes
Along the hedge's path of gray,
But not with Youth's enchanged smile
When bloomed the things of yesterday.

The tulips burn with crimson glow
Forecasting glories of the May—
But ah! I turn
And somehow, yearn,
For blossoms of the yesterday.

Each jonquil lifts its cup of gold
Along the footpath's charted way,
Yet these have not the flame of old
When life's young world was gay.
Ah! jonquil blooms are not the same
As jonquils of the yesterday!

The lilac plumes are scented still
And wave above the sward of gray:
Their perfumes every ingle fill;
But, somehow, I am changed—or they,
For these are not the kind she wore,
The lilac plumes of yesterday.

LOVE'S LITTLE WORLD

I

Where the hearthstone embers smoulder
Love's own voice is softly calling;
On her face the lights are falling
As the years grow old and older.

Love's domain is small, but luring,
One sweet face, content and smiling;
But its force is all beguiling
And its strength is all enduring.

It is she, who reads the story
By the fireside, still and lonely
That can make this ingle only
All my wide, sweet world of glory.

II

Just one little face so tender
Just these hands, so white and slender,
And one heart that still remembers
Makes my bliss, where glow the embers
Where the hearthstone dreamings smoulder
As the years grow old and older.

Ah! but such a tiny thing
Makes the heart forever sing:
Life is small, I do aver,
Just this room, old love and her.

WHAT THE MANDOLIN SAID

Out of a Past where Mem'ry keeps
Her cherished things and weeps
I list—and hear, when the grate is red,
And phantom folk in the gloaming tread
To the words her mandolin said.

A pine tree lifts its branches high
In pleading to the sky:
The yellow blooms of the jasmine vine
Like lamps swing low and somehow twine
About her words and heart of mine.

Her dainty fingers touched the strings:
Then melody of things
Lute-like and musical and sweet
Beneath the pine tree seemed to meet
Where Love's own harvest was complete.

In every note the moonlight swayed:
At touch her fingers made
Upon the strings old loves seemed wed
As when one through a dream is led,
At the words her mandolin said.

The lute-like notes brought back again
White spray of April rain:
And dew-wet lilacs scent the air
Once more, as when she blessed them there;
Ah! mandolin and golden hair.

YULETIDE AND YOU

I

A winter's sky and stars without,
Pale moon and memories calling
Encompass all my world about;
God's blessing on me falling.

A scent of lilacs through the room,
Like holy incense burning
Awakens through the twilight gloom
A lover's ardent yearning.

Out there the wind sweeps o'er the plain;
Within, the glowing embers;
Love weaves about his golden chain
The Yuletide yet remembers!

II

Twilight and gloom fill all the room,
Time's prosy things receding,
While Dreams along the hallway bloom
And faces smile in pleading.

As daylight dies from out the skies
And night bestows his blessing
I catch a gleam from Love's sweet eyes
And feel his soft caressing.

III

Somehow an angel's touch is laid
 Upon the brow of Sorrow,
And every debt of sin is paid
 With dawning of tomorrow.

So hang the mistletoe above
 The hallway and the landing
That one may kiss the brow of Love
 Beside the hallway standing.

IV

Yuletide and you! a sky of blue,
 Through winter's blasts are blowing,
Old love remembers and is true
 As yonder embers glowing.

Yuletide and you! the sirens sing
 As in the Grecian story
And to the Christmas hearth I cling
 With you and all its glory.

For wintry sky and stars without
 Pale moon and memories calling
Encompass all my world about,
 God's blessing on me falling.

THE SERENADE

Hush! thou my flute, tune soft to lowest note
 By moonlight's magic aid
Soft as the love-song from the night bird's throat—
 Be this our serenade!

She listens there, behind the lattice veil,
 Brown lashed and wistful eyed—
While outward on a sea of hope there sail
 My dream-ships glorified.

THE PATH

A lonely stretch of pathway leading by
A meadow brook, and then beyond a hill,
Unto a spot, where pines are tall and still,
Like sentinels beneath the autum sky;

A pathway meaningless to traveler
Who walks its golden sands without a thrill;
To me this path all roadways glorify,
Because it leads unto the home of her.

THE CLOSED DOOR

Love knocked: Youth heard and listened, but
Was busy with his gold that day;
She knocked again, the door was shut,
Then sadly turned away.

Love knocked once more in after years,
But Fame was calling up the height:
With broken heart she left in tears,
For it was almost night.

Time bore the Youth to green old age:
She gave him wealth and fame and more,
But somehow life was like a cage,
For love had closed the door.

A SONG FOR YOU

If, some day I should sing
A song that burns with strange immortal fire—
A song that wakens in men's souls desire
For swift, uplifting wing—
Know that each note that runs the message through
Was Love's one thought of you!

If, when my work is o'er—
The world shall say he did not live in vain,
But soothed and softened some of life's dull pain
Along Time's wave-swept shore—
Know that each wreath the world may think
my due
All shall belong to you.

THE ROAD TO ENOREE

On the road to Enoree,
Like a ribbon by the sea!
Far along the beaches stretching
Like some faithful master's etching;
Winding, twisting
Onward listing
To some far-off land of story,
Full of hope and human glory;
Like a ribbon by the sea
Is the road to Enoree!

Oh! the road to Enoree,
Like some olden dream to me,
Hurries past the forest yonder
Where each mile seems fond and fonder
And each turning
Brings me yearning
For the days now long departed
When my darling, golden-hearted,
Walked the golden sands with me
On the road to Enoree.

Oh! the road to Enoree
Where she told her love to me,
When the cherry trees were sifting
Snowy petals—and the drifting
May winds dreaming
Saw the gleaming
Of the words of love unspoken—
Heard the vows, as yet unbroken!
Ah! the road to Enoree
Like an Eden is to me.

Oh! the road to Enoree
Like a ribbon by the sea!
Have you heard young love a-calling,
Felt new glory round you falling:
Maiden glances
Waking fancies
Of the new land, full of glory?
Then you know the old, sweet story
Of the road to Enoree
Like a ribbon by the sea!

CRIMSON POPPY

Crimson poppy, bending idly in my garden by the
wall,
When I see you maiden footsteps from the orient
softly fall
And low whispers from a latticed casement seem
to call!

Crimson poppy from the desert, all the East in you
is bred;
Warmer suns have given color to your jealous,
queenly head;
All the passion of the tropics in your lazy smile
is wed.

Exiled blossom, memory-haunted, one whose soul
can never err,
You have taught me tenser passion, like some
Eastern sorcerer
And to worship, Arab-hearted, poppy crimsoned
lips of her.

A BAR OF SONG

Her wistful glances swept the golden west,
Where Day had laid to rest
His sweet faced dreams, entrusting to the Night
These children of the light.

She turned about, within the dim lit room,
Holy with twilight bloom,
Then in the stillness played an olden tune
From Youth's forgotten June.

Without I listened to the sounds that fell
Like magic-woven spell;
And some one opened wide the palace gates
Where Love, the Master, waits.

LOVE'S CAPTIVITY

Ah! Since you came and took your place within
The garden of my soul, new flow'rs have grown
In wild luxuriance there; and these have blown
Their perfume all about. Your smile has been,
Dear one, like olden wine, and life to me
Instead, with freedom sown,
Is hedged about with Love's captivity.

Though I be slave I love my serfdom well.
The stronger chains you forge about my will
Are welcome, for they hold me close and still,
Near to the holy place where you must dwell.
Take all my dream of other years than this
And these upon the restless waters strew:
I want but this: my servitude for you.
Behold my lips are passioned for your kiss.

I have known freedom, but how dull now seem
Those years of liberty, before you came.
I even knew the petted touch of fame,
But these dissolve, like some forgotten dream
Before the glory which your love has brought,
And these strong chains your little hands have
wrought.

LOVE'S MYSTERY

I

I met you once in Egypt old
Along the slow Nile's trail,
Where clouds above, white fold on fold,
Like dream ships seemed to sail:
 Your white arms stretched to welcome me
 And to your bosom hold
 As salt winds from the mystic sea
 Kissed us, in Egypt old.

II

We passed our radiant years of youth
Where palm leaves wave and quiver
Searching to find Love's hidden truth
Beside the ancient river:
 But when life's thread of joy was spun—
 Life's tales of Love been told
 We passed—as sets the orient sun
 And slept in Egypt old.

III

A thousand years we dreamed of things
That Love had waked on earth—
A thousand years each April's springs
Gave unto us new birth,
 Until, within this later age,
Upon this western shore
We woke, with Time's old heritage
To solve Love's truth once more.

FOR YOU

Each Spring comes back with its brighter skies
That shelter the vale with a deeper blue,
But they bring not back your tender eyes,
Nor the love of you.

Noon walks the vale like a mystical king
Where the wild, sweet blossoms plead and woo,
But alas! I miss this one sweet thing—
Just the sight of you.

The white shore, sanded and wave-wrapped, lies
Where once there echoed the steps of two:
Today but the phantoms of hope arise
As I pray for you.

The night bird calls to its nestling own
From yonder fragrant pine and yew,
While I stretch my arms in grief, alone,
For the arms of you.

LIFE

I've heard the blue-bird sing:
I've walked life's rosy path of spring—
The golden wealth of summer's sheen
My wistful eyes have seen:—
And now the autumn's tint and glow
Completes the page. Ah! friend, I know
Life is a blessed thing.

BECAUSE I WALK WITH YOU

The sunshine never falls so clear,
The Summer sky ne'er half so blue,
Nor sight of daisies yet so dear
As when I walk with you.

The glow that blazens all the West
When night distills the twilight dew,
Beckons that life for me is blest,
Because I walk with you.

Nor what befalls! On land or sea
My fate is safe if love be true—
Joy lifts the golden cup for me,
Since yet I walk with you.

DEAR STARS, I ENVY YOU

Dear stars, that shine within the wanton blue
Of Maytime's glory, how I envy you,
Because you look from out your lofty height
Upon her path and there behold the sight
Of her dear form, passing adown the way,
All perfumed by the envious blooms of May—
While I must wait and wish to see her eyes,
Which you can look at from your bonny skies,
And I, in exile, longing for her smile,
Which blesses you each twilight's little while.
Dear stars, so safe within yon wanton blue,
Because you see her, how I envy you!

OUR HOUSE OF DREAMS

Almost a score of years,
'Mid smiles and tears,
 We've builded, you and I, our house of dreams,
And still through all the days
Along the stony ways
 Love's halo gleams.

Sometimes the day was bright;
Sometimes a Winter light
 Fell where we toiled slow with willing hands;
But Love was always there,
A gleam of light to spare
 From Promised Lands.

We've seen the structure tall
In hopeless ruin fall
 And Hope's fair star shine out with feeble gleams:
But Love, Sweetheart, is true
As we begin anew
 Our house of dreams.

THE NUN

This cloister shade
For pious maid
Is soothing to a heart so torn,
And all the marble hallways worn
Are sacred: and the light of morn
Falls sweet where one is prone to pray,
Within the breaking of the day;
The very air is perfume laid
To saddened heart of cloister maid.

On bended knee
She reads her plea
To some fair god far, far away,
Amid the half born light of day:
For as one kneels so must one pray,
And in the dusky light of morn,
To her some sacred joy is born;
But in the dusk she cannot see
What was the burden of her plea.

Somehow to her
There was the whirr
Of that old world she used to know,
And in her woman heart the glow
Of Love, which one time thrilled her so:
Then in the dusk she seemed to see
The face of him who used to be
The wide sweet world, with all its stir,
The first and only world to her.

A PALACE IN THE PINES

Hidden among the whispering pines I found,
Far from the haunts of man,
A lowly cot, where silence abound,
Save fluted notes of Pan.

Here, all day long, his reed beguiled the leaves
Which tangle overhead,
Like phantom song some lonely Echo weaves
For Dryads when they wed.

But every note that waked the meadows far
Was soothed by Love's caress,
And rose, like incense, to each waiting star,
Its gladness to confess.

Day wore her smile: the sunbeams flooded all
The wooded aisles with light;
Then Silence brooded, save where night-birds call
Aroused the sylvan Night.

Within the cot lean Poverty was guest
And cast his shadow there;
But those who passed him, in and out, were bless'd,
For Love made all things Fair.

The scanty bread and newly vintaged wine
By unseen hand increas'd,
For sweet Content her benedictions twine
Where Love sits at the feast.

WHEN LEIDA PASSES BY

I stand upon a corner where
There bends a crowded street;
I watch the drifting throngs go on
Who pass, but never meet;
The wintry wind about me blows,
No sun is in the sky
Yet Springtime in my bosom glows
For Leida passes by.

Somehow, the blossoms which she wore
When Youth was fresh and fair
Bloom as they did in days of yore
And scent the frosty air;
For, Love the Master, never sleeps,
Nor fails to satisfy
My soul from out the long, lost years
When Leida passes by.

Ah! crimson tulips, bloom again
From out the wreck of years,
Dear roses, damp with April rain,
Come back, through mist of tears:
The tumult fills the busy street,
Both those who smile and sigh;
Of all, one memoried form I meet,
Tis Leida passing by.

FIRST-LOVE

"What becomes of all first-loves of the ages?"

Your own heart answers, but the secret keeping;
Your own soul yet, somehow, can feel the thrill
That opened wide a garner, new for reaping,
But ere the harvest, Hope was dead and still.

You keep it locked, close-sealed from other's knowing,
A toy with which your memory often plays:—
You then go forth the seeds of joy be-sowing
And dream alas! of first-love's golden days.

This memory stays through life unto its ending,
Nor wealth, nor power can rob it of its glow;
And if we live beyond the grave's extending
That spark will burn where'er your footsteps go.

Sometimes a face will bless your mid-night dreaming,
Or wistful eyes look through the dusk and gloom,
Then lo! the past comes back with lost Hopes teeming
And life's first-love will gladden all the room.

ROMANCE OF GOLF

In the stilled, sweet calm of an idle day
Beneath a late September sun
We haste, the ancient game to play,
Ere yet the afternoon is done:

With sun aslant in a golden sea
Her phantom form fares forth with me.

Somehow, the glory of the sky,
Nor Summer clouds, like castles fair,
Can hold the earnest, wistful eye
Of me—although, I do declare,
I watch the grass from tee to tee
As her fair feet trudge on with me.

At number two a pine tree, tall,
Is shrine for gladdened mocking bird,
And in each note is love's old call
Which we together oft have heard:
Oh! how I bless this aged tree
Because she listens there with me!

The Fairies haunt the lake and isle,
A twilight mist bends soft and low—
The Fairies hang their lamps and smile
As onward, onward, forth we go;
The Fireflies light their lamps to see
As o'er the bridge she walks with me.

The day is o'er—the game is done,
But Memory stays—that blessed thing—
Good-night, good-night, my friendly sun,
E'en yet I hear the pine bird sing;
For o'er the greens, from tee to tee,
My phantom love has walked with me.

LOVE STANDS AT THE DOOR

Why should I fret, if by the dark o'ertaken
While some beloved task is left undone;
Why should I weep, if some old creed be shaken
And faith be lost, ere set of yonder sun;
 Let night come on, with wind and rain to weep
 Out of the day's dull wreck some joy I'll keep.

Why should I fret when rose turns from the dew
Its placid face—not caring for the glow
Which Love and Light could give; let me undo
The spinners tangle, with so little show
 As if no dreams of hope had ere been spun
 Within an anxious soul undone—undone.

Why should I try to sing when listless ears
Are closed to notes that thrilled with old desire;
Better to conjure doubt and woo old fears
That haunt within and dampened love's red fire:
 Better, alas! no dreams at all could wake
 Within a heart now left to ache, to ache.

Why should I fret if Fate shall choose to be
Averse to all my planning for the day:
Long are the years that make eternity
And one dull night ends but a single day:
 Life has its hopes to build in plenteous store
 While Love stands smiling at the open door.

WHERE LOVE IS KING

How rarest blossoms by the roadway spring!

How do the barren wilds with music ring!

How every night new stars of splendor show
Within the vaulted blue, where love is king!

Love knows no castle; the poorest cottage bare

Of all that makes life easiest and fair,

He enters with such royal pomp and pride
As if a palace splendor waited there.

The grave may bring defeat and hopeless shame,
E'en innocence may lose a cherished name,

But while we walk this side the silent tomb,
Nothing can daunt the soul where love's aflame.

BUT THESE REMAIN

After the clamorous tumult—After the noisy shout
Of restless morn and noontide's busy street,

After the human passions, raging within and out
At the zenith hour, when sin and virtue meet,

Lo! comes the peace of twilight's mystic glow
To soothe the soul, ere the gaudy day shall go!

After the human play—After the hurts and ills—
After the broken hearts and the words we harshly
said;

After the envy smile and passion's lofty thrills,
After this little thing called Life is laid among the
dead

God's patient stars remain above, like the
priests within the sky

To watch those other caravans, like us, go
passing by.

THE DANCER

Rythm figure and rythm of smile,
Rythm in glance of eyes so blue,
They beckon and call and whisper the while
Dark-lidded stars that look me through!

Figure so lithe, the sculptor weeps
And hair of gold which the sun defies,
Motion of love, which somehow keeps
A nameless longing within my eyes.

Out of the East, ere Egypt's birth
You came from an age, which no one knows,
For you are the mother of joy and mirth
You are sister, too, of the scented rose.

Dance yet again, with your sandled feet,
Dance on, with arms so bare and free,
Look hither, until our blue eyes meet,
Dance on, dance, on in the heart of me!

A SONG—MY CAROLINE

Sweet are the years that yonder lie
Against a past—to me divine—
When we went forth, beneath Love's sky
Just you and I, dear Caroline!
 To-night my holiest thoughts incline
 To then—and you—my Caroline.

A silent roadway leads me on
Where fading sun rays softly shine
Up to the door—whence she has gone—
Forever gone, my Caroline,
 Forever gone, forever mine;
 Life's one sweet thing, dear Caroline.

Night shadows fall on land and sea
The little stars to west incline;
These leave a darkened world to me
And memories of my Caroline,
 Only this holiest thing is mine
 The love of you, my Caroline.

WHEN LOVE WAS YOUNG

I

I do recall, some thousand years, or more, ago,
I met you first upon a Grecian isle—
The world was young, Time's morning in its glow
And yet, eclipsing all, was your sweet smile.

In Egypt's desert, piling stone on stone,
Some monarch toiled to build his monument
The Pyramids have stood as age on age has flown
Yet, somehow, with it all your face is blent.

From marble slab we saw the master Greek
Carve out his god, with measured stroke and slow;
Then looking eastward saw Ulysses seek
The favored isles no mortal man must know.

Ah! blessed years, when Earth was in its dawn
When first my eyes beheld your dimpled smile
Ah! aged years that since have slowly flown
When first I loved you on a Grecian isle.

II

The world was young and Love was young and young
alike were we
Since then the world has grown so old Time seems
Eternity
And while we slept through age on age it seems a
little while
Since first we met in Time's fresh Dawn, upon a
Grecian isle.

THE SIGHT OF YOU

Come sit with me, love, while the shades grow longer
Out here in the glow of the afternoon sun;
The touch of your hand makes my heart grow fonder
Of all that is good when the day is done!

The cry of the street, with its tumult and laughter
These deaden the soul when the noon runs high;
While the noise of Gain and Mammon, the master,
Shut out from the heart what love would buy.

In the world's swift mart, where Profit is calling,
No heartsease blooms by the hardened road,
But on each head new grief is falling
And each must bear his heavier load.

But here, where the magical twilight lingers
And star-craft sail in the far-off blue,
I feel the clasp of your dainty fingers
And find my peace at the sight of you.

LOVE IS THE SAME

Love rules the world complete,
Be it for good or wrong,
His voice is but the same
In sigh or song.

The minstrel serenade
From darkened village street,
Wafted to listening maid,
Is love complete.

If it be kingly breast
Or peasant heart aflame,
Heaven touches each alike;
Love is the same.

WISDOM AND LOVE

Old Wisdom said to Love:

 "Now come along with me today,
 Come, let us gleam from history's storied page
 The greater deeds of warrior and sage;
Glean from these musty tomes the wealth of man
By barter, trade and caravan
And when we've garnered all the knowledge that
 we can
If there be time, perhaps, a little play."

But Love, the wise

 Looking from wistful eyes,
Said thus: "Oh! Wisdom, I would roam about
To-day among the meadow-lands of Doubt
 Where bend blue Summer skies:
 For on a day like this
 One's looking for a kiss
 And I, perchance, may see
 Some maid of mystery,
 Some maiden with a sigh,
 Lonesome of heart as I;
So, Wisdom, let me play
Just for this little day:
Perhaps, in school to-morrow,
We two may study sorrow."

WHEN DAYLIGHT BREAKS

When daylight breaks
Across the sky
And streaks of gold
The day unfold,
When darkness fades in mellow light
And daytime angels chase the night,
Then all my peaceful dreaming wakes
To love thee more when daylight breaks.

When daylight breaks
In dusky hue,
To kindle diamonds
In the dew,
And shadows in the valley deep
Play hide and seek, and star beams peep
With radiance waned, an offering wakes
To thee, my love, when daylight breaks.

When daylight wakes
Across the sky,
When starlight fades
And moonbeams die,
When dusky lashes catch the light
From hovering dreams, and all the night
Has fled, I wake to bless the fates
For thy sweet love when daylight breaks.

THEY CALL FOR THE BLOOD OF JESUS

They call for the blood of Jesus up from the crowded
ways
Just as they called impatiently in the old Judean
days,
And upon the hill of Calvary each day is crucified
Some life of spotless innocence with thieves on either
side.

DEAR HEART OF YESTERDAY

I could have paved your roadway with delight
And made it sweet with all the blooms of spring—
With happy dreams filled every blessed night
And taught you life as such a blessed thing,
But fate decreed for us no harvest sheaf,
Only the toil filled days—only the Autumn grief!

I could have filled your days with rest serene,
I could have plucked for you the blossoms rare,
Yet something crossed our paths and came between—
Leaving us each to feel the noontide glare
On separate roads, across the desert sands,
With never a touch of lips, or clasp of hands.

Perhaps if I could have my way with you,
And you have yours, our wish God's plan would mar,
Perhaps our parted love is yet more true
And faithful, thus, to suffer as we are;
But oh! the grief that sobs through night and day
For touch of lips and hands so far away.

God knows, not mine the wish, not mine the thought,
That thus our paths should run so far apart:
I've listened for your steps, then toiled and wrought,
Hoping some day to hear your beating heart,
When Fate, relaxed, should bring the harvest sheaf
We long have wished, instead of Autumn grief.

Till then I dare not ask to have my way,
Dear heart of mine—dear heart of yesterday.

IF YOU BUT KNEW

I wonder if you ever come this way
From out the Bright Beyond, whence you have
gone,
If sometimes by my path you do not stray,
Which since you went I traverse all alone.

It seems my love and loneliness would bring
Your gentle tread along my road some day,
When I'm a-weary, with no heart to sing,
And sigh for comradeship along the way.

If you but knew how I have missed your smile,
Your tender voice and touch of vanished hand,
Your pity would be mine the little while
I walk without you within the Shadow Land.

LOVE ME TODAY

Give me your hand, you are a man; and men are
brave—
So brief the time to do, so few the hours to woo,
before the grave.

Joys come so curt and shy, like sun from April sky,
bedimmed by rain—
And ere we understand the touch of love's soft hand,
Death covers all again!

Tomorrow's sun will rise from out the gaudy skies,
but far away
Our souls may be apart, so love me now, dear heart;
love me today.

JUST BLOOMING FOR YOU

Today in the low green meadows
 'Neath the skies of Summer hue
I found a white-rimmed daisy
 Just blooming alone for you.

No worship of priest or prelate
 Could equal devotion so true
As the love of the sweet meadow daisy
 Just blooming alone for you.

There may be creeds more perfect
 And devotion more lasting and true,
But the simple love of the daisy
 Just blooming alone for you

Taught me the sweetness of living
 Out there under skies so blue;
Just shedding the fragrance of loving
 And blooming alone for you.

And to-day in the perfumed meadow
 With its flowers of every hue
I learned a lesson of worship
 From the daisy just blooming for
 you.

SONGS OF THE SEA

*I long for a sight of the sea, when the daylight
breaks;*

When the gulls, like mystery things,

Fly seaward to try their wings;

*When the marsh and the wood arouse and the dream
of a new day wakes.*

*I long for a night by the sea, with its silence and
waves,*

And its stars in the low-bent blue;

Just these—and you—just you

To ease the human unrest of a soul that craves.



OLD SHIPS

I

I always loved old docks, torn sails and weatherbeaten
spars,
Prows with odd names and rusting anchor chains,
Rude sailors who have looked on eastern stars
And made their home upon the distant mains.

II

Somehow the thread of Romance weaves about
These strange old ships, which danger seems to
court.
And their brave crews, who roam within and out
The wide, wide world, with sweetheart in each
port.

MYSTERY OF THE WAVES

In measured break we roll, we roll
Across the silver whitened sand,
Where Neptune takes accustomed toll
At meeting place of sea and land.

A thousand leagues of white beach runs
From Augustine to Mobile Bay
Warmed by the light of tropic suns
Where shade and shadows play.

In measured break we surge, we surge
From Saragossa's outer brim,
With strength of Herculean urge
Yet softened as a twilight hymn.

We carry on our crested wave
The remnants of unfettered spars,
Yet like the stillness of the grave
We hide our wreckage from the stars.

A thousand sails that left the shore
But ne'er returned, alas! we know
While home lights burn and hearts grow
 sore
And Time drags on so slow, so slow.

In measured tread, o'er coral strand
Unbroken crested line we roll;
Upon the beach's whitened sand
We write the fate of ocean's toll.

FLORIDA SHORES

I

The white sails fill before an urgent wind
That blows from off some shore of verdant hue;
God's sunlight falls where sight and vision end
And makes the dream of other days come true.

Yon stunted pines bend low against the sky,
Dwarft for an hundred years by scanty soil,
Like eager souls, without the wings to fly—
Held down by want and unrewarding toil.

A day with wind keen set from Southern shores,
A day with breakers tossed from East to West—
A day of sea-life, which the heart adores—
A day the soul of freedom loveth best.

II

Twilight off shore—near-by the mist and maze
That come with night, and nightly moan of sea—
Twilight on ocean's sad, mysterious ways
That leaves its softened glow and gloom with me.

Tall palm trees frescoed on a sky of blue—
White gypsie clouds on vagrant errands bent:—
My boat, the river, dreaming eyes and you,
Behold my kingdom in a word—"content."

THE CALL OF THE SEA

Oh! the call of the sea is in my soul and the sting
of the brine is on my face;
The wind is wild, with its romp and squall, and I
see once more that leagueless space
Which gives its freedom to wave and sky—which
binds the feet to no one place!

I hear the call of the lumbering waves that toss on
the rocky shores once more,
And I see the lilt of the white-winged gulls, fly far
from the prison shore
And behold! I enter my phantom world, through
the beach line's open door.

Give me a day when the wind is sharp—a sky with
its hurrying clouds about;
When the waves break fast in caps of white, with
many a bang and bout:
Ah! then the soul is aglee and sings its joy in a
merry shout!

There's liberty here; wide space to spare; leagues
intervene 'twixt sea and sky;
The soul looms big in this liberty world and fading
hopes leap high:
Ah! the brine is calling and I must go where the
white-winged sea gulls fly!

A SONG OF THE SEA

I

I long for the magical sight and the mist of the sea;
For the smell of the wind-swept brine
And the deep, where the breakers shine,
With the pleading grief of a lost soul's mystery.

I long for the smooth-woven, silvery sands of the
shore,
With woods to the West, and the main
Going far to the East, like a chain,
Whose links run on to the latch of a dreamer's door.

I long for the sheen of the afternoon sun on the
sand,
Smooth, white, when the tide is low,
And the West with its gold a-glow;
When the blessing of rest comes down, 'twixt the
sea and the land.

The marsh stretches far to the West with its sad
mystery,
Where the sentinel pines rise high
To mark where its endings lie;
To the East is the mist and the gloom of thy endless
leagues, O sea!

II

I long for a sight of the sea, when the daylight
breaks;
When the gulls, like mystery things,
Fly seaward to try their wings;
When the marsh and the wood arouse and the dream
of a new day wakes.

From the far off beach, where shore is broken and
torn,
And the adamant rocks abide,
That embitter the restless tide,
Comes an endless cry, like a soul that is weary and
worn.

III

In sorrow I come to the shore when the long rolling
waves, half spent,
Sweep in, like an echo of grief,
Embracing the beach for relief,
Then break, and weep, and moan, outpouring their
sad lament,

On the welcoming sands, that spread and stretch
in the afternoon sun;
So strong for the lips of the tide,
So eager to hold and to hide
The grief of the sea, when its uttermost toil and
sorrowing has been done.

IV

And why should I come to the sad-sounding sea,
 with its wail and its woe?
 With its moan on the silvery shore,
 Like a hope that is lost evermore?
And why should I ask of this weary tide the things
 I already know?

There is fellowship, kindred and kind, a liking of
 comrades in pain
 With a soul that's sad and the sea—
 A mystery ever to me—
Yet a bond 'twixt the seeker of comfort and the
 unceasing wail of the main.

V

For peace I would come at the time, when a low
 ebbing tide is asleep;
 When the master, the sea, is a-dream
 Touched now by the long slanting beam
Of the sun in the West, as he warms every crest of
 the fathomless deep.

When courage I seek and for conflict would steady
 my soul for the worst,
 I come, when the sea leaps high,
 In its limitless wrath to the sky,
And threatens the rocks to withstand a soul that's
 accurs't.

VI

When my soul reaches out for that unexplained
 longing for prayer
 I come to the sea. And behold
 The deeps and distance unfold
A God who is near, and who listens and answers
 me there.

For the sea is akin unto God, like the marsh and
 the wood;
 And softens the soul of him
 Who prays; for the endless hymn
That it sings is melody sweet and seals the heart
 for good.

Who prays at the feet of the sea, when the ebb
 is low,
 Prays twice; for a Godlike calm
 Turns simple prayer to psalm
And swift the pleas, sea-bless'd, to answering
 Heaven go.

VII

I long for a night by the sea, with its silence and
 waves,
 And its stars in the low-bent blue;
 Just these—and a thought of you—
To ease the human unrest of a soul that craves.

FRIENDLY SHORES

Passionate sands that learned from your mother,
the Sea,
The spirit unrest, you call both the storm and the
breeze
And the waves, with a penitent plea,
Like a soul that never has learned the blessing of
ease.

The wonder of sea in its endless sweep,
The wonder of storm in its anger pace
And the tireless winds that never sleep,
Are the gods that love and haunt this place.

Clean-swept each morn, as the face of a cloudless
sky
Is this wave-washed beach, with never a stain nor
taint
Upon its sands: clean-swept as the radiant eye
That looks from the pardoned soul of a saint!

The endless stretch of the moaning sea,
The rounding curve of the bending sky,
Are mysteries all in their breadth to me
As the shoreless space where the sea-gulls fly.

GUILTY SEA

I

What awful glory speaks
Where ocean's anger, pounding rock and shore,
Like giant Fury, restless evermore—
Wearing a frown no master ever wore:
What toll this monster seeks!

Are those league-scattered graves
That lie upon his coral-coverd sand—
Stretching between his East and Western land,
And those frail wrecks that dot the hidden strand
Too few to ease his craves?

II

Are not the widowed homes
Lonesome enough your thirst for crime to pay,
Where children pause, to weep amid their play
And look for those so long you keep away,
Beneath your crested domes?

III

Ah! guilty ocean, old,
Your eyes are sleepless with unreckoned grief,
Your restless fury brings no soul-relief
For crimes you've done, upon each hidden reef:
Your guilt is half untold.

TWILIGHT ON THE MARSH

It is twilight on the marsh, the dim ending
Of a long sweet day, now weary of golden sunshine,
And yellow spun dreams, all full of romance and
love.

From the early waking of the gray dawn,
Out there, over the calm waters of the gulf,
When the first hungry gull flew seaward,
Until this wistful twilight hour,
Each moment has been filled with the glory of
perfection:

A day with the thoughts of old, sweet memories in
its eyes.

Long before the gray line of morning crossed the
East

I walked on the beaches yonder and listened,
Listened to the soft spoken words of the talking
waves.

Mingled with their echo was the scream of the
fish-hawk,

Then the wild call of a gray eagle to his mate;
And later the silver note of the hermit thrush,
Securely hid among the myriad leaves of the live
oak.

What a blessed experience is a summer dawn by
the sea!

Every moment is an idyl, every tree a poem,
Every sound a symphony and
Every mist like the drapery that covers a bride.

I have listened to the sea in its wrath
And in its voice was the anger of a god.
I have listened to the sea in its moaning
And every tone was full of human grief.

I have listened to the waves in a still June dawn
And their voice was like the whisper of lovers.
The sea has its magical tinge of life, thought,
feeling,

Full of love, hate and anger, like a living thing.
But mystery above all else is the voice of the deep,
Its anger expressed in storm,
Its grief portrayed at ebb tide,
And its peace, pictured in this golden twilight,
Which extends from the marsh to the main,
And in dim outline, mingles the two in one.

The glory of a perfect day now fades upon the
marsh,

That like a king, weary of his pomp and power,
Longs to share a cottage and wear no crown but
flowers.

The little stars, with their mystery, like that of
the sea,
Awaken and become sensuous, like living things.
Each prints its image upon the water,
And out here, among the marsh grass, is an
inverted sky,
More beautiful with its silver and blue and green
Than any picture yet painted by a master.

In every clump of grass is the love call of a bird
to its mate.
Wings are swift in the home coming flight,
Fear quickens each belated pilgrim;
The thrush alone, is bold in the enveloping
darkness,
Daring to lift one more burst of song
Before the day closes

And as his last note finds an echo
In the heart of yonder live oak,
Deep silence settles upon the marsh,
Broken only by the complaining murmur
Of the sea which never sleeps.
And further, as the darkness envelopes all this
world
Of marsh and sea and shore
I am left alone. The marsh birds are asleep.
Not a leaf of the live oak, nor a frond of the palm
tree moves.
Even the west winds, that swept the meadows in
the afternoon,
Are weary now. They also sleep.

O RESTLESS SEA

O Restless ocean, like a guilty soul
Forever moving, seeking, never still;
What is thy mystery and what thy goal,
What is the wish thy vastness cannot fill?

The widowed ones who lonely vigil keep?
The orphaned children at the widow's side?
And victims brave who neath thy treachery sleep?
Are these thy conscience taunts, O ocean wide?

SEA MYSTERIES

I

Vast, unknown, un-understood,
Eloquent, soul stirring sea!
An epic, greater than all subjects combined,
For the brain of man to reckon with.
You know and reach every part of God's wide world
Where gorgeous flowers bloom in the tropics
And plenteous fruit ripen, to make men indolent,
And the sun and stars shine with unfailing brilliance,
You are there, with your mysterious stillness,
At times, and your turbulent storms at others.

Where the shores offer you their Spring and
Summer flowers
And the even recurrence of seasons;
Lifting man to his great achievements,
You are there—
There to bring his ships to port
To bear his treasures and his pleasure craft upon
your bosom,
To aid in his enterprise and his achievements—
To help make him great—
Because you know his greatness can never surpass
your own.

Where the cold of the North and the far South
Holds the world in its arms, beyond the approach
of man—
Behold you are there;
Not because you envy one foot of the land or the
icy coast—
Not because man may supplant you in your power,
But you are there, like a God—omnipresent,
Watching the very ends of the world
For Him who created us both.

II

And thus you go, even beyond the travels of man.
You watch the polar seas as well as the desert coast
You are friend, at once, of Arab and Esquimo.

The jungles of the Amazon's delta
Are as familiar to you as the coasts of Greenland.
No beach of romantic beauty
Is beyond your knowing and your loving embrace;
No beach so cold or desert laden
That you do not patrol its desolate wilds
And encourage its ice or sands with your kiss.
And above all of this watchfulness,
This world-wide greatness of power,
This sympathy and tenderness, the tempest and
calm
You keep, untold, the secret of your crimes!
Each sunken ship lies far below your placid
surface.
No gravestones rise above the trough of your
waves.
When you envy man his greatness
And wish to destroy his craft
You call the storms, that ever await your bidding;
And these, with fog and cloud, make easy the task.
Then unknown graves are opened
And shrouds, which tell no tales,
Are laid in your depths, where the sunshine never
enters.

GASPARILLA'S WAY

The story of Gasparilla, the Spanish Buccaneer of the Florida west coast is full of romantic interest. Located on the islands about Charlotte Harbor, with a daring band of pirates he captured ship after ship and is said to have collected over thirty million dollars. He slew all male captives, but took care of the women in his castle home on Sanibelle island. While attacking a ship in 1802, too large for his small force and seeing he would be captured the daring old outlaw wrapped an anchor chain about his body and leaped overboard—thus defeating his capture:

He made himself a monarch—and of the vine-clad
isles,
He made his royal kingdom; and where old Tampa
smiles
He launched his craft to sail the seas, for miles and
miles.

With all his cruel making, he was a buccaneer
Who lifted sail in any storm, with never dread or
fear,
Who went in search of alien gold, in each craft,
sailing near.

The sunny gulf his hunting ground for every daring
sail
That would invade his kingdom; and how the aliens
quail
When Gasparilla's pirates the freighted ships assail!

Where lies the fair Captiva and tropic Sanibelle
He built himself a castle—and so the stories tell,
That there he dwelt as monarch, ruling his subjects
well.

Maker of self a monarch, choosing a kingdom fair
He ruled, as rules the kingly, giving his braves a
share
Of all the precious treasures he reaped from
everywhere.

Where gulf line bending westward from Marco's
sunlit sand
Runs on to busy Tampa, his daring, eager band
Intently watched for victims from every point of
land.

Outside his coral palace each captive male he slew,
But each fair Eve he shielded; and with his fearless
crew
His soul aflame with courage—his creed was to
subdue.

Wild liberty of action, as boundless as the sea,
From which he drew his treasure, a master great
was he,
His soul knew all the freedom, as tropic winds set free.

But when at last the hand of Fate was laid upon
his head
He quickly snuffed the flame of life, upon his face no
dread;
With couraged hand he stilled his heart—the
buccaneer was dead.

SARGASSO

There is an old legend about the Sargasso Sea east of the Florida Coast that has all the mystic charm of Homeric days, although it belongs to a later age. The legend is Spanish and is supposed to have had its origin in the minds of the early navigators, who followed Columbus on his first voyages of discovery, and developed by later sailors, whose ships were steering direct for the Florida shores.

All winds blew toward the Sargasso and meeting there, as a kind of marine prison, a place where mariners could be destroyed by calms, when the wildest storms had failed.

All winds blew toward the Sargasso and meeting there, a vast sea-area of calm prevailed, from which it was impossible for sailing craft to escape. The legend says that more ships were lost in "the sea of calms" than Neptune was able to destroy by fierce winds and waves.

The story which follows comes down to us from old Spanish records and recounts the trying experiences of the brave navigators of that early period, before the seas were mapped or known.

I

For eleven days, eternal days, as they seemed while
the good ship ran
Into the face of the worst of storms since Neptune's
rule began,
We rose and fell, in a sea of hell, with never a chart
or plan.

We were out beyond the blue Azores, where no man
knew the path,
That lay beyond. Yet each man saw the wild sea's
threatening wrath,
That followed the wake of an Autumn storm, like
some ghostly aftermath.

We knelt about the sea-washed decks and prayed
as ne'er before—
To every God and every creed of priest and priestly
lore
To bring our sail from out the wail of storm—to
some calm shore.

And yet through days and endless nights the wind-God
blew his blast.
And waves came on like mountain crests, that swayed
our faithful mast,
And put a prayer in every soul, as men pray at the
last.

I saw my comrade, crazed with thirst, just at the set
of sun,
Leap from the deck and sink below—a hero's victory
won—
And only wished that I could do the deed that he had
done.

And as the darkness settled down upon our famished
crew,
There came from out the South a gale, with wings
which swifter flew,
And as it went each wild gust sung this deathly,
ghostly mew:—

II

SONG OF THE WIND

"We come from the shadowy ways unknown,
From paths which no men tread;
Our home is the place whence storms are blown
Which strew the seas with dead.
Darker the night and the more we smile,
For we work twixt sun and sun
And we strew the main for mile and mile
With the craft of crews undone.

And you who dare to cross our path,
Thinking that you are strong,
Shall yield at the touch of our fateful wrath
And die as you hear our song.
For we come from the shadowy ways of dread,
From the sea's unchartered path;
We laugh at the waves, thick strewn with dead,
As toll of the storm-God's wrath."

III

Each sailor heard this death knell song out there on
that awful sky,
Each saw the tropic lightning flash and the thunder's
quick reply
And it entered deep within each soul that death was
walking nigh.

Then by some strange tuition, just why, no one could
say,
All who were left upon the ship at once bent low to
pray—
And as we rose behold there dawned the light of
another day.

IV

Somehow new hope shone in each face,
Somehow we sailed in a calmer place,
Each soul was soothed with a heavenly grace—

But not a soul knew why—

Save that our prayers had stormed the gate
In the heavenly wall—where the blessed wait.

In our pinnace wake the storm-god flew,
But fast the leagues between us grew—
Then sudden a little patch of blue

Appeared above our sail!

So every word was a word of praise
For the end of unforgotten days:
Then a sea of calm passed on our gaze
Across our forward rail.

Into its weeded calm we went
By force of the gale's last touch, now spent;
But into a greater punishment—

Into Sarigasso Sea!

Circled around by storm and wind,
Whence voyages never find an end,
Save when they into its depths descend
Is this place of mystery.

Slime, with its seaweed intermixed,
Glistened and glared. Up and betwixed
The sea and sky white heat was fixed

In sickening, blinding glare!

Wrecks from every land and sea
Filled all this place of mystery,
Hopes, whose end could never be
For us, were there,—all there.

In a thousand homes lean Sorrow keeps
Her steady watch—the woman weeps—
And tear drops stain where an orphan sleeps,

Because of this mystery:

In a thousand ports no word is said
Of the missing sail and the missing head,
Of the unreturning—the brave one dead

In the Sargasso Sea!

O God! the dread that surged our brain
As we helpless lay in this lifeless plain—
A palsied part of the mighty main,

In the Sargasso Sea!

How we prayed once more for the shipping wind
Whose gusts our faithful mast would bend
And speed our ships to the sea's far end

E'en to eternity.

Here was a sail from a Northern clime,
Here one from shores where soft waves chime:
Both here at rest for all, all time,

With a home port never more.

There lay the wreck of a pinnacle bold
In the slime and sun grown gray and old—
Just one of the many in this strange fold,

Kept here from its native shore.

Above this spot strange ghost hopes rise,
With beckoning mystery in their eyes,
The wistful look that never dies

Where hope has been!

Some sailed with the gold-thought uppermost,
While some sought fame, others were host
To plain adventure—now each the ghost

Of the aims of men.

V

How long we lived in this awful calm no man of us
could tell,
Each had forgot to count the days under this dreaded
spell—
For each day seemed a century, like a soul's first day
in hell.

All night the stars shone very low, as if in pity sent
And we lay awake watching the sky, like a prison
o'er us bent,
Each like a stolid prisoner, taking his punishment.

Some prayed aloud for the courage, to do what those
had done,
Who in the storm had ended all, before this calm
began—
For strength to snap the slender thread on which
their hopes were spun.

Others, half fainting, prayed aloud for children on
the shore
In some home port, while others prayed to see her
face once more—
Some prayed for bread and some for drink and some,
delirious, swore.

And while this awful picture lay upon this sea of
dread,
Beyond the fore-rail Neptune lifted high his ancient
head
And pointing eastward with his hand in thundering
utterance said:

VI

NEPTUNE

"You left the sunny vales of Spain
The hillsides of content,
To trespass on my vast domain
With evil souls intent.

For ages all this shoreless sea
Untrammelled has been mine—
Its every league belongs to me
By heritage divine.

For eleven days I urged my storms
To do for you their worst—
To fill your souls with death's alarms
Like those who are accurst:

Yet I decreed you should not die
By wind or boisterous sea,
But find your graves beneath this sky
Of calm and mystery.

More have I killed within this calm
Than all the sea upon:
This stillness fills with dread and qualm
And soon the deed is done.

So lie you there in indolence
And wait for Death to call,
Your helplessness and impotence
More bitter makes the gall.

This is the graveyard of the main,
I bring men here to weep
Because you trespassed my domain
In sea-graves you shall sleep!

Within the circled sea of weed
No helpful wind shall blow
To bend your sail in hour of need—
No further shall you go.

All prisoners mine, like those before
Who came with wrong intent,
No more your eyes shall see the shore—
Take, now, your punishment.

A thousand argosies that sailed
On these forbidden seas
Now sleep beneath you, torn and scaled—
You soon shall rest with these."

VII

Thus, when the sea-god finished in every soul was
dread—
The weight of time pressed heavy on every whitened
head,
Made white, not from the toll of age, but from sudden
fear instead.

And when we looked upon that calm, with its glare of
light and sun
And the long, stilled reefs of sea-weed that o'er the
waters run,
Each lifted eye, toward the sky, had the look of a
soul undone.

Helpless we lay, through the long, long day, until
the stars appeared—
But night with its phantom mist and gloom more than
the day was feared—
For through the mist in a whispered "hist!" the voice
of Death was heard.

And lying there in the stifling air on the pulseless
still lagoon,
Like sullen prisoners, dungeon-doomed, where never
a hope was hung
As we heard the "hist" of Death creep on, a whisper
then a croon—
Our feeble voices—minor toned—in desperation sung:

VIII

Song: "O, GIVE US THE STORM."

"O give us the storm,"—each singer said,
"Give us the shipping wind,
Rain Fate's worst fury on our head:
Better to break than bend:—
Better the surge of the angry main
Than this voiceless calm and heat,
Better the toil, through cutting pain
Of the wind and blinding sheet
Of tropic rain from day to day
Than to die of dull decay.

“Give us the seas that swirl and swoon—
Give us the storms that cut and sting,
Far better these than this still lagoon
Which sleeps like a pulseless thing:
For we are men who have braved the worst
From Greece to the Gates of Hercules,
Rather by ocean’s anger curst
Than lulled to death in this sea of ease.
Give us, O Neptune’s soul, we pray
One blast that will drive us far away.”

IX

As the long days spun their web of woe,
As the long days pressed the burning sun
Upon our heads—the long ago
Came back like a skeleton.

Drifting across this circled reef
We reached the further end
And lo! in the midst of hopeless grief
Our sails commenced to bend.

X

For, out of the South, in piteous thought, some faithful
God had sent
O’er the distant leagues this cooling breeze, to stay
our punishment—
And came as the word of pardon comes to the soul
of a penitent.

We slipped the line of the seaweed rim—
We were out on the sea again
Our sails bent full and the goodly ship
Sped, free from her prison chain—
While far to the West a shore line bent, in the mist,
like an emerald stain.

The sight of the palm-reefed, winding shores were
sweeter to us by far—
Than the light which shines, for those who are lost,
in the face of a guiding star—
And sweeter still, was the patch of blue, which shone
in the skies afar.

No weary prisoner ever left his dungeon gloom and
chain
With lighter hearts, than we, who sailed from out
this sea of pain,
And looked upon God's own green world in sweet
content again!



POEMS OF NATURE

*The tumult of the city shuts out the stars o'erhead,
And ne'er a wayside blossom glows
Along the paths men tread:*

*But way down home, where the whip-poor-will
Enchants the woods of June,
With a lover's plaintive tune,
The night is soft and sweet and still
Under the silver moon.*



TALL PINES

I played about them as a boy in glee,
And somehow from the ground to highest
spars
They always looked like silent gods to me;
Their lofty tops seemed playing with
the stars.

Each winter storm, with gritted teeth
would bend
His pitted wrath against their lofty height;
Through all these years each would more
deeply send
His firm roots down in majesty of might.

I've heard them sing. Their far-off needled
heights
Were like the strings of some Aeolian lyre;
Their notes were dirges, weird, melodious
flights
Of wild, sweet music, full of strange desire,

Years pass. They ruddier stand, unmoved
and still,
Firm fixed, with roots deep set within
the sod,
And more than then, my wondering soul
they fill
With time's old faith in God.

THE LIVE OAK

I count my age by storms. My comrade there, the sea
Is greater and wiser and older
Than I—and bolder;
He whips and flays me with winds
Until my patience unbends,
Until the peace I love so well is broken in me.

Hard master is the main. Forever awake with desires
Eager and watching for plunder,
He casts the weak asunder;
The pitiful home-going craft
He leaves there abaft
With naught but the low-sunken spar; the sea never
tires.

Wise and persistent the sea. Where the palmetto
grows
Close up to the eddying beaches
His watery finger reaches;
Then the sorrowful palmetto bows
Like a sinner who vows,
But the victim belongs to the main, as the dark
surf knows.

The sea is a god in his might; thus I plant me aside,
Away from his turbulent thunder,
So his hand going under
May touch not my roots in the sand
But leave me to stand
Safe fixed from his tireless wind and far reaching
tide.

SUMMER CLOUDS

I

Like castle dreams ye wander in and out
The sky's blue fields, as one, demure, devout,
Aimlessly goes, he knows not how or where
The chartless road of never-ending doubt.

II

From out the vale where childhood's memories keep
The by-ways green, I often look and weep,
When I discern how many castles fair
Ye set for me, along youth's golden stair,
Which with my host of broken idols sleep.

III

And yet ye go, like gods of liberty,
Laggard or fleet, unfettered, wild and free;
 Ye bring the breezes to the scorching corn,
 Ye cool the brow where life is weary-worn
And bind upon my soul your mystery.

IV

Clouds of the Summer, speak to me and tell,
Are ye the castles where the lost souls dwell?
 In all your moving through the sky about
 Are ye impelled by Time's old monster, Doubt?
Alas! before I have one faint reply
The castle fades into the bluest sky.

HAVE YOU HEARD THE SOUTH
A-CALLING?

Have you plucked the snowy daisies in the Spring?
Then a memory of their sweetness yet must cling
 To the Past, with all its treasure—
 To the Past's untainted pleasure
That in your soul forevermore will sing.

Have you watched the snowy daisy fields at night?
Every stem with heart of gold and petals white,
 With the moonlight on them streaming
 And half the stars a-dreaming
And Love beside you walking in the light.

Have you heard the mock-bird singing soft and
 low?
In the stillness of the night-time, singing slow,
 With a harvest moon a-clinging
 To the sky where stars are flinging
Worlds of light because they love the daisies so.

Then you've heard the South a-calling in the Spring
When the crocus comes a-blooming, dainty thing;
 No matter where you wander,
 O'er these memories you'll ponder
When you hear the South a-calling in the Spring.

SUNSET

I

My beautiful sun, going out through the gates of
the West,
Going out through the mist covered valleys of
rest:
All day, every bloom that bespangled the meadows
of Spring
Has wrapped you in love, so close to its odorous
breast.

My beautiful sun, like messenger silent and
still,
How softly you warm the green bearded wheat on
the hill:
No wonder that men, in the long ago, worshipped
your name
And bowed in obedience, close to your reverent
will.

II

What lotus-bound shores do you pass in your journey
of night?
What valley of dreams do you see in the half
hidden light?
What echo of songs, long lost to the mortals who
weep,
Lifts soft, as you sail, through the dream-guarded
vistas of flight?

I wonder what zephyr-swept coasts, where the red
poppy grows,
Thus impelling those dreams of delight each
mariner knows,
You touch with your beams, while man in forget-
fulness dreams:
What wind of the blest in the path of your
journeying blows?

III

I have seen you go down where the wondrous West
was afire,
And caught your last look from gold-pointed
cloister spire
And wonder what dreams you must pass in the
silence of night,
As you travel the odorous vales through the land
of desire.

I have watched the red West, where your fast waning
beams glorify
Each loitering cloud, that sails in indolence by,
And have asked the first star, if the secrets you keep
he could tell,
But the star twinkles on, too happy to make me
reply.

IV

My beautiful sun, like a curfew of silence you call,
From field and from mart, your manifold children,
 all
Who roam in your light, but in shade and dim
 shadows take fright,
And seek the home nest, ere the phantoms of darkness
 shall fall.

I've seen in the meadow the Summer bird busy all
 day,
Forgetful of mate in joy of self-pleasing lay,
Who, missing the light, in the stealthy approach of
 the night,
Turned song into search and joy into sudden
 dismay.

V

Good-night, sweet sun, going out through the gates
 of the West;
I, too, some day shall pass through the portals of
 rest,
And like you go out, to the mystical land of the
 night,
Like you, on the Morrow, awake for Eternity's quest.

AT THE POINT OF THE CAPE

I

Dawn at the point of the cape, where the land runs
evenly down
To the narrowest slip and is lost in the arms of
the main;
A white beach, dimmed by the mantle of night, with
never a spot or a stain,
Stretches away, like a ribbon of light, to the distant
edge of the town.

II

High noon at the cape, with the loitering clouds all
mixed and tangled
With the intricate tints of the sky's own blue;
East and West the stretch of the vision bespangled
With colors and shades of a nameless hue.

Day seems a-pause, with a passionate sense of leaving
This mystery beach, with its clean swept sands of gold;
The wild trees lean, with arms to the seaward,
grieving
For the tale of wrecks that remain forever untold.

III

Night off the point of the cape—full moon a cloud
and the sea:
Just these and that unsolved mystery
Of darkness and silence, that storm through the
soul in its plight
When alone with itself and the night.

AN AUTUMN MOOD

Old road, old trees, and sedge-encumbered
fence

From which the newer things have long,
long since

Lifted their wings and flown.

Rude gate and door and lonely ingle-nook
Where Love and Laughter once were wont
to look

Into each other's face, now gone—forever
gone?

A field of graves that hold the blessed
dead;

The autumn sun, dim, shining overhead;

An East wind blowing free:

Old Winter's sceptre on the black-gum's
leaf

Red in the West—a threatened weather-
grief—

The wild geese flying southward to
the sea.

OUR MOCKING BIRD

To a New England philosopher who never heard our mocking bird sing.

I

You have not heard
Our mocking bird,
That minstrel of our southern hill and sky,
Singing before the gates of April dawn
Ere veil of night is drawn,
Maker of reed notes played by ancient Pan
And sweet lute echoes for the caravan
Of travelers, who chance, are passing by?

II

You have not heard
Our mocking bird?
Then what can all your human wisdom teach
For in each silver note
From singer's feathered throat
The happiness of age on age is heard
And vaster glory than the dead years preach.

III

Ah! leave behind your sedgy hills of gray
Where chill winds sweep the rocks with mist and
spray
Leave these! and hence toward the amorous South—
She of black tangled hair and passionate mouth,
To where the spiked palmettos block your way,
Where ancient live-oaks count the years a day,
Where marshes mix and mingle with the sea,
And wild, sweet vines embrace each lusty tree—
Where every mile, but beckons one league more
And Heaven opens, like an open door:
Come hither, stranger, once, and say you've heard
The nameless music of our mocking bird.

TO THE OLD NORTH STATE

I

A toast to North Carolina—who blessed my dreams
of untried years
And gave me all the best I have—the best, as well,
of hers:
No plain, or vale, or hilltop—or shore swept by the
sea,
But is holy—but is sacred—all are beautiful to me.

II

Say not that we forget thee—thy sons—thy daughters
—all
Still keep in their inner being a list for thy motherly
call;
For old Love ever remembers—old Love can never
forget—
No matter where Fortune may carry—you are mother
to all of us yet.

III

Knowing, as all of us know the flame of her crimson
September,
Ah how can we ever forget—or fail to remember
The long purple tops of her hills and the spruce
craggy heights in the west
And the rivers that wind in between—like a soul in
its quest.

IV

From the Smokies which rise like a god, where the
last fading rays of the sun
Catch a glimpse of their height, to a point, where the
rocks of Hatteras run
For out in the death-dealing sea—there is ever the
rise and fall
Of valley—of hill and of plain,—which to all of us call.

V

It is spring in her valleys to-night—there is perfume
of lilac and rose
And never from out the red South, where the idle
wind blows,
Came sweeter the rest and the calm—and the merciful
sleep and repose
In the song she sings to her own—in the hush she
bestows.

VI

There are stars in her skies to-night—bright silver,
a-twinkle, a-thrill,
And a moon we shall all remember—as all lovers will;
And it seems there comes thru the distance, like a
vision of mist, or a strain:
Once more we are walking with Romance—we are
lovers and sweethearts again.

SPRINGTIME IN CAROLINA

I

Springtime once more in Carolina
When the green hills touch the sky—
Heaven seems a little closer
As the April clouds go by:
 Now the thrush sings soft and longer,
 And the heart beats quick and stronger,
For no mortal wants to die.

II

Springtime once more in Carolina
Like some resurrection day—
All the wood and vale a-blossom,
Every heart in tune for play:
 Life seems doubly sweet and sweeter,
 Every day is fleet and fleeter,
 Every soul a lotus-eater
All our worries far away.

III

Springtime once more in Carolina
Where each lazy western breeze
Brings its odors from the gardens
And from snow-white orchard trees:
 When each morning brings new glory,
 Sweet as some old eastern story
From the Blue Ridge to the seas.

IV

Springtime for us in Carolina
Seems so near to heaven's gate
That whoever starts a journey
Always gets there late:
 And when some one blows his horn
 Calling us on judgment morn
 We'll go slowly and forlorn
For we'll want to wait.

V

Springtime once more in Carolina
Song and sunshine everywhere,
Odors from the daisied meadows
All our senses snare—
 From each hedge are tulips burning
 With love's flame—and youth is
 learning
 Life's old story—with its yearning
In a land so fair.

APRIL RAIN

The Master, listening from the skies,
Where warmth and light forever please the eyes,
Heard, far away, sad, uncomplaining sighs
Of children, wearied with the pain
Where Winter crucifies
With Frost and Cold before he dies.

The Master listened once again
Then sent the April rain.

And lo! from meadow-ways of white,
Be-covered, sweet and clean,
There came the laughter, full and strong,
Of Children in delight
Whose sighs were turned to song,
Because the Master felt their pain
And sent the April rain.

APRIL CLOUDS

Ye idle gypsies of the April sky
That wander in, your pathless world, and out,
Aimless as they bereft of care and doubt;
Have ye no wish to wait and linger nigh
The myrtle hedge that blooms, serene, about
The meadow ways? Dear April clouds, I see
Your ardent love of gypsy liberty
Impels each mile you go, knowing not why,
Nor where, your twilight camp shall be.

THE WINTER WIND

I

Spirit of long-lost souls, is yours the voice I hear
Among the leafless trees without my gate;
Is yours the wail, so tremulous with fear,
Or, in its minor note, so full of hate?

II

A world of freedom beckons to your wing;
Yet freedom's breath can never satisfy
Your fated soul, no matter where you fly:
The starry nights no solace to you bring.

III

About my cottage eaves you wail and weep,
And at my cottage door you loudly call:
All night this cry of sorrowing you keep,
Until your voice is like some ghostly pall
That fills my soul and steals the gift of sleep.

IV

What were the crimes you did, with keen intent,
In distant age that caused relentless fates
To close upon you, ever more the gates
Of peace, and brought this bitter punishment?

V

Without, the night grows colder; and the busy frost
Crystals each faded blade with stars of white:
But lo! until the Dawn's first wave of light
The sad winds sing their dirges of the lost.

PRIMROSE

Heart of the Primrose, how I have waited
Eager, expectant, your coming each Spring;
How every tint of your blossoms, so mated,
Rhymed with the garden's most delicate thing.

Mocking-bird, thrush and robin together
Waited your coming, as eager as I;
Singing a welcome, as soft as the weather,
Wooing you back with song and a sigh.

Heart of the Primrose, over and over
I've told you my love as a lover should tell
And yet you look shy at the rose and the clover
And choose all alone in my garden to dwell.

Welcome my messenger, bringing me glory,
Linked with the blossoms that cluster in June,
You come with the warmth and breath of a story,
That lilts with the notes of a lover's old tune.

TO AN OLD CYPRESS

Gray remnant of the cruel years,
Aged vassal of the winds that blow!
The measure of your unwept tears,
The measure of your nameless fears
Would fill the stoutest heart with woe.

Lifting your unprotected head
Within the fury of the rain,
Mocking the storms that o'er you tread
Mocking the ills that mortals dread,
You scoff at awe and pain.

The winds have wearied of their rage
To wrest you from the mountain side:
Of faith you keep the heritage
Which valor gives to noble age:
Amid the wrecks you still abide.

How bitter was the Winter's cold!
How fierce the winds that round you swept.
These secrets you will not unfold,
Their story will remain untold:
These safely in your soul are kept.

Stand out, gray cypress, let men see
Your form against the firmament;
For Courage make your silent plea,
Teach us your creed, O noble tree,
Lift high your own gray monument.

NIGHT IN THE TROPICS

I

How still these waters are!
No sandal-footed breeze to stir the dew-wet trees;
A silence soft, as that a dreamer sees
In slumber's realm, before the vision flees
Through Fancy's gates ajar.

Yon silver-crested moon,
That rides the vastness of the peace-enamored night
Tints every cloud with lacy rims of white
And floods the bay with her mysterious light,
And hither dark lagoon.

The storm-god sleeps at ease!
Not one green leaf the waiting silence bends,
No sound above the sand-wrapped shore ascends,
A dream awaking from the mist unbends,
Like incense through the trees.

What mystery is this
That holds the mid-night with Lethean spell
Of silence and no secret dares to tell?
Guarding, in peace, with mute, sad lips so well
Its sorrow and its bliss!

II

Was that the whisper of some joy-swept leaf
Of yonder trailing cypress vine,
Or else the sound of over-flowing grief
From this dirge-singing pine?

Only the dew drops from the chemist Night,
Falling from leaf to leaf, like sands
In tell-tale glass, that mark the steady flight
Of Time through orient lands.

III

Ah! there is a sound!
A weird, sweet lyric sound of waking bird,
O'er-full of joy, of joy that must be heard,
But soft and low, as when some fairy stirred,
Above the sacred ground.

Where lotus dwellers sing,
They tell of echoes, that come sweet and low:
So yonder notes rise wistfully and slow,
Soothing, as when the sleepy southwinds blow
And to the blossoms cling.

YELLOW JASMINE

I

Where the lonesome woodlands hold
Nymphs and Dryads bold,
And while blossoms yet are sleeping
In the Winter's mold
Yellow jasmine comes a-peeping
Through the forests old.

Long before the rosy Spring
Teaches birds to sing,
Like some prophet, true to duty
Comes this yellow thing,
Hanging out its lamps of beauty,
Royal as a king.

Round the oak and maple tree
Jasmine, tenderly,
Loves in solitude to twine;
And in wanton glee
Swings its lamps from every vine
That the birds may see.

And these lamps swing to and fro
As the night winds blow:
Nymphs and Dryads slip about,
Parting as they go,
Brush and bramble in and out
Through the yellow glow.

II

Jasmine peeps on every side
With a queenly pride,
Hangs about the sturdy oak
Like a trusting bride,
Then there swings this lover's sign:
"With thee I abide."

Yonder by the dark lagoon
Where the mid-night moon
Throws its mellow lover's light,
Hear the west winds croon
As the jasmine vines they smite
To some magic tune.

III

Ah, what mystery complete
In these woods I meet;
Ah, what silences abound
In this wild retreat;
Ah! what Sirens walk around
On their noiseless feet.

Teach me, yellow jasmine vine,
Why this charm of thine?
Why the forests love you so,
By what mystic sign
You the Springtime's coming know,
Messenger of mine.

LAND OF "SOMEWHERE"

The land "Somewhere,"
Ah must be fair,
Surpassing fair!
For it is safe from touch of human pain,
Whose shores have never known the reddish stain
Of crime, nor ever felt the curse's bane.
Of sin's despair.

It must be far,
Under some blessed star,
Some undiscovered star,
Along whose shores the lotus branches twine,
Whose odors quicken, like old vintaged wine,
Where melodies about the soul entwine
And never jar.

It must be, too,
Though old, yet new,
Like day-dawn, new
As when the Night has wakened from his sleep
And Dawn looks forth from out the Orient deep,
The promise of another day to keep
Silvered with dew.

Under its skies
Love never dies
But ever vies
With eons, as they take their dateless flight
In pointing souls to new paths of delight
And finding undreamed glory on each height
In new disguise.

Dear God, who knows
A sad heart's woes,
A dead heart's snows,
Must there not lie, beyond its fitful day
We here call life, with all its shadows gray,
This land "Somewhere," beyond despair, dismay?
Whither man goes?

Its far-off skies
To human eyes
Keep in disguise,
And yet, sometimes among the summer trees,
We catch faint glimpses of its sun-swept leas
As one, who ship-wrecked, in the distance sees
A sail arise.

CALL OF THE WOODS

Here all the tumult of the market-place,
Here all the glamor of the crowded street,
Where vain deception walks with haughty face
Is lost amid thy stillness and I meet
My other self amid this cloistered shade,
My better self, which worldly ways suppress,
And find the peace that comes to him who's prayed
With unobstructed soul in deep distress.

Dear woods, that stand in silent patience thru
The crowding years, always content to be
Constant in season, joyless at Winter's rue,
Happy at bloom of Spring's anemone,
How I have lived amid thy silent glooms,
How I have prayed within this sacred bower,
Thinking, perchance, the stillness of these rooms
Would teach me patience for the tempter's hour.

Dear woods, I pity him who never yet has known
Thy solitude, the peace which everywhere
Bends like a benediction, softly blown
O'er all thy space, like answer to a prayer.
If I have sinned, repentance here I learn;
If I have hurt, forgiveness here I crave;
If I have fallen, evil here I spurn;
Out of my weakness, woods, again I'm brave.

DAYBREAK

The sensuous night has spun her web of dreams
Aslant the east a sickle moon shines dim
Through leaves be-drenched with dew drops to the
brim.

Lo! every ingle with rich perfume teems.
It is the hush that comes before the dawn,
That pent-up stillness which the langorous night
Has brewed before the shadows take their flight:
The bended bow unto the arrow drawn.

Here every tree, robed in its new-grown leaves,
Bends heavy with the weighted weight of Spring.
Long sinuous vines in reckless embrace cling
And wave, as touched, by every wanton breeze.
The wildwood poppies redden'ng in the glow
Of virgin blushes, bend their heads in sleep,
As down their stems the crystal dew drops creep:
Night's darkest hour treads stealthily and slow.

Behold, a spear of gold upon the gray
Of yonder sky! first messenger of light,
Touching the sleepy eye-lids of the night;
The harbinger of fast approaching day.
Listen the note, from out yon valley deep,
A clarion call, as clear and sharp and shrill
As Peter heard, the waking woodways fill;
The end of dreams, of silence and of sleep.

I hear the waking of the myriad things
That in the wood's seclusion softly dwell,
The busy tenants of this perfumed dell;
The droning bee—the softened whirr of wings.
Then lo! a song from thrush's clear-toned throat
Wakes all the silence of these arches dim—
The very daybreak's consecrated hymn,
Whose echoes through the morning twilight float.

Then through the cloistered aisles the white stars pale
Before the lordly march of coming day.
The sickle moon, undone, now fades away,
And gold-tipped clouds across her vision sail.
In every tree some unseen choir awakes,
A very symphony of lute and lyre;
A thousand dew-drops glisten with the fire
The Master kindles when the daylight breaks.

And after all this prelude to the day,
Its music soft as unseen flutes of Spring,
The flit and whirr of joy-engrossing wing,
Too happy in one favored spot to stay,
But from each tree some new-found joy partakes;
And when the Master's hand the picture shows
In colors rare, and from each dew-wet flower
New perfume consecrates this magic hour,
And joy-wrought splendor in each tree top glows—
Lo! after all this glory, weary man awakes.

They tell the story of a weary child,
Whose feet, accustomed to the city street,
Had never seen the tangled daisies wild,
Nor ever trod where field and woodland meet;
Who, when she saw this simple glory, smiled
And asked if all of Heaven was so complete.

And yet, men rich in all this worldly store,
Live pauper-like upon the stony street.
Their coffers filled, they quickly seek for more,
Loving the mart, where show and pretense meet;
They never pass the city's outer gate
Where God's green lanes in sweet contentment wait.

TO HARRIET SHELLEY

Ah! to have known the thrill of life, with him, the
 idol of the gods,
And then to fall and feel the woe, where sorrow
 only trods;
Ah! to have known his passioned love and shared
 the embrace of his arms
And after loving—lose—and walk the roadway of
 alarms!
But greater pity thus to leave
The path with him secure, serene,
And find a nameless grave beneath
 The treacherous Serpentine!

DAISIES

The legends tell,
When angels fell,
One, Myrra, with a heart of gold,
Down from her place of royal birth
Fell to the common ways of earth
And was entombed within its mould.

In later age,
On legend's page
The story of the flowers is told—
How from the spot where Myrra slept
A white-rimmed, smiling daisy crept,
And blossomed with an angel's soul.

And so to-day,
In fields of May,
The daisies bloom and smile and die;
Each with its face of white and gold
Content its mother-heart to hold,
To live and love beneath God's sky.

And so my child,
In meadows wild
You see the daisies everywhere;
But ne'er a look of discontent
You find among these blossoms lent
From Myrra's soul, whose smile they wear.

SILENT GODS

I

How many pray to Gods who have no ears!
How many bow, within the cloister gate
To forms, without the pulse of love or hate,
Or souls to feel the burn of grief-arisen tears!

II

Be it the Isis of the lazy Nile,
Be it the Jove of Greece's olive plain,
Or Mammon's face, beloved of modern Cain:
These silent Gods refuse to hear or smile.

THE OLD SOUTH FARM

I

The tumult of the city shuts out the stars o'erhead,
And ne'er a wayside blossom glows
Along the paths men tread:
But way down home, where the whip-poor-will
Enchants the woods of June,
With a lover's plaintive tune,
The night is soft and sweet and still
Under the silver moon.

II

Beneath the lights of the city, I see within its glare
 Sad hearts that throb beneath a smile:
I see men drink the sparkling wine and swear
 Their joy. But after while
Behold! within the dimly-lighted room
 The haggard face and stare:
Where glowed the phantom smile, is gloom:
Where Joy was god, now rules the ghost Despair!

III

But on the old South Farm in Caroline
 There are few lights that shine
Within this night, save yonder stars and moon:
 And where the columbine
 Trails up its dainty vine
Around the poplar's height,
 A dreaming Thrush's tune
Softens the perfumed night
 Of June, of matchless June.

IV

Lo! when the dawn shall break,
 Down there in Caroline,
No saddened hearts will wake:
For on each vale and meadow-way and hill
 The light of peace will shine
And wild, sweet notes the wooded heights will shake
 And every valley thrill.
For dawn brings no regrets for thee and thine.
 Dear Old South Farm,
Way down in Caroline.

THE MASTER PAINTER

The June sun sweeps his painter's brush, silently
up the swarded hill,
And lo! the brown turns quick to green; and where
the busy, grumbling rill
Through wooded brush and tangled glen finds slowly
his obstructed way
The painter leaves upon the rocks his lichen spots
of gray.

Have you not heard the children laugh amid the
purple dawn of spring,
Because the lilac in the night had blossomed like
some holy thing:
For while they slept the painter came and with his
art forever new
He touched the waiting buds and lo! spring's glory
smiled amid the dew.

I know you've heard the thrush's note come with a
happier, silver thrill
Before the sun rays yet had touched her nest below
the hill;
Know ye that while she slept and dreamed of
summer days ahead
The painter touched the maple buds and turned
them deeper red.

THE THRUSH

I

Fair beyond words to describe, in their soft, lilting
measure

Of rhythmical song, and filled with some unknown
pleasure

Must be that shore

Which sleeps in peace, low bent by a tropical sea,
Going far to the South, like the path of one who
is free,

Whence now you come once more.

II

Earth has no other land than that which feels
eternal spring

In bloom, that yet could teach your raptured throat
to sing

The songs you've learned:

Just as an exile, wandering far to the East or West,
Found, after seeing all the world, love's holy birth-
place best

And for it sadly yearned.

III

Your silver note gives to the early dawn of Spring
its tone

Of waking joy. And when the dream of loitering
day is gone,

Your good-night song

Smoothes from the wrinkled soul all scars that toil
has wrought,

And pays the heavy toll where Sin has stoutly fought
To do my conscience wrong.

IV

With you, dear bird, the whole world sings. And
 where the sloping hill
Touches the vale, ten thousand daisies lift their
 heads and thrill,
 Because of you.
The rose is redder, poppies burn, each breeze that
 passes by
Is perfume-laden, and, above, the May-time sky
 Turns to a deeper blue!

V

Sometimes I think in the mystical tomes of story
A singer was lost, and, forever debarred from the
 glory
 That once she knew,
Wandered to earth, with no art but her marvelous
 tune,
And now sings for the comfort of men, in the stillness
 of June!
 Dear Thrush, is it you?

NIGHT

I

Teach me, O Night, the mystery of thy ways.
Thy dusk portends a shadow of the tomb—
Thy silence broods a fellowship with gloom;
Aged-Wisdom walks with thee—and with us stays.

But for thy veil, drawn loosely o'er the earth
No faithful star would teach us constancy;
But for thy mists the ghost, Eternity
Would ne'er walk forth—nor Solitude have birth.

Old faiths are stayed and older creeds made strong
By thy mute lips. Religion warms within
By thy slow fires that teach the fear of sin:
Thy voice, the wind, now trembles in a song.

II

Akin to mystery and that unwaking sleep
Which men call Death, aged symbol of the dead
Thy impress falls, alike, on every head:
Man's deed of good or ill thy silent watches keep.

O wondrous gloom, with ne'er a word yet spoken
Sad wistful Night, the lotus bloom of sleep
Thy power endures, our wavering creeds to
keep,
Hold thou my purpose right,—my faith unbroken.

THE WIND

I am the spirit of freedom and power!
As well I'm the soul of Awe and Unrest;
I go with my wings unhampered and dower
My path, as one on Eternity's quest.

I fly with the shadowy ghosts of men,
Who long have slept in the deeps of the sea:
These smile once more, as they laughed with Sin,
When first they walked on the earth with me.

I ruffle the sand where the shore-lines turn
And whip the waves into furious spray:
I rule the seas where the tropics burn,
As well where eternal Winters stay.

I am the spirit of Passion that gloats
In the heart of one, whom Sin beguiles
And I am the whisper that comes from the throats
Of those who mate when Love-time smiles.

But hush!—and list!—in the dead of night!
Did you a sound, as one who sighed?
Then know, that with all my restless might
I'm the ghostly voice of the souls who've died.

IN BOB-WHITE DAYS

Between the hills the meadow sleeps;
Upon the hill the wheatfields lie
Beneath the bluest summer sky,
While just beyond the river creeps;
Time all his debts of Winter pays
In these rare bob-white days.

The hours are long, but bird and bee
Are busy till the twilight glow,
And even then reluctant go
To nest and hive in yonder tree:
An image of old Eden strays
Around in bob-white days.

Upon the upland where the hedge
Slips down between the corn and wheat,
There every blossom is complete,
For summer always keeps her pledge:
Now every breeze new joy conveys
In golden bob-white days.

Within the city's showy street
Men toil beneath a heavy load,
With want and envy as a goad,
Toiling where greed and pretense meet:
They never hear the lute that plays
Out here in bob-white days.

TO-MORROW'S TASK

Unsated wish means life.
He who wants, has a work to do,
The towering heights to climb
And undiscovered lands yet to explore.
Beyond lies the vale of realization,
With its lotus perfume and lethean streams.
But the dreams of the victor are not so sweet
As the urging aspirations of him who climbs.

It is the old, old legend of Alexander again,
Reaching the uttermost bounds of conquest,
And weeping, alone, for other tasks to do.
The unpeopled wastes, that lay beyond,
Offered no resistance to the pagan soldier;
The glory of past victories paled sadly,
Compared with the passion that urged unwon battles.
"No worlds to conquer" was an Ultima Thule
That meant despair to the warrior's heart.

To the living soul there is no such thing as content.
Every night brings dreams that must come true,
The freshness of every dawn will awaken new
ambitions,
And every twilight will find tasks unfinished
Which to-morrow must complete!

To the ardent soul a Heaven of absolute rest
Is beyond the idea of endurance.
An eternal Sabbath is beyond our comprehension.
The millions of hope-wrought spirits the world has
 known,
Would mutiny in a life of eternal ease
And would plead for tasks,
Such as the sweet old human world gave them.

The unattained heights make life worth while.
The God-given spirit to do is ever alive in the soul.
Attainment only acts as a stimulus to do more.
Every height reached gives zest for new effort.
Always beyond lies a fairer country
Toward whose shores the soul is ever turned.
Herein is born man's greatest gift—
The spirit of Hope, without whose aid
All human effort would be impossible,
Life unendurable
And unawaking sleep the burden of our prayers.

In this restlessness, this ever pressing forward
To woo, to win, to conquer,
Man finds his closest kinship to divinity.
In this spirit is our claim to immortality.
This is part of the great Master's soul in us.
Creating new worlds through eternal ages himself,

God has given man this spirit of creation,
Of conquest and of untold longings,
Which even accomplishment itself never satisfies.

Happy is he who possesses this gift in abundance.
His kinship to the divine is doubly close,
Though the burden he must bear is heavy.
To him there is no haven where sails are furled,
No journey's end where the tent is pitched.
His is the eternal, ceaseless wish to do.
And even when his tired body
Shall become brother to the dust,
His soul shall start anew on its journey of conquest,
The end of which
The eternal years alone shall mark.

GOD HAS BEEN GOOD

God has been good in what He has not given
The things from me withheld
By His all-knowing hand
Leave me far more content
Than had He all these gifts most lavish sent.

Large wealth, exultant power and fame
His will denies;
And yet, in somehow-wise,
His bounty unto me has freely given
And sweet content to walk along my path,
With these, dear friend, what joy one mortal hath!

THE PINES OF LEXINGTON

"There is a weird music in the vast pine forests of Lexington, in middle Carolina, ghostly and akin to the cry of wandering souls."—Hayne.

I

Where the high lands make their turning to the coast
 plains white and low,
Stand the armed pine tree forests, yearning, waving
 to and fro—
Talking, like some living mortal, over sin, or task
 undone—
Friendly trees of blissful childhood—singing pines
 of Lexington.

II

Through all the years I've wandered, like an exile,
 trouble-tossed—
All the wealth of youth I've squandered, all the creeds
 I've made and lost,
Leave me yet a faith unshaken and the strength my
 soul has won
From the sturdy, steadfast teaching of the pines of
 Lexington.

III

Through a hundred years of Winter—through a
 hundred years of Spring
They have stood, no weak repent, but the same
 unchanging king—
Baring face and form to duty, trusting in one faithful
 God—
Teaching life's sublimest beauty—strength of root and
 strength of sod;
Giving, living, blooming, laughing—alike in shadow,
 or in Sun—
Faithful to the creed of ages—those tall pines of
 Lexington!

IV

High above the laureled forest loomed clear each
mighty head—
Tall, serene, unflinching—never knowing doubt or
dread;
While about each top the fury of every storm was
drawn,
Yet it caught the last of sunset and the first light of
dawn.

V

I have listened in the night-time to the wind among
the leaves,
Talking, moaning, saying things, like a weary soul
that grieves:
Yet these monarchs never falter, through the centuried
age of time
But, like stalwart things of duty, stood aloof, alone,
sublime!

VI

Sturdy masters of my Southland!—teachers not by
word but deed—
Ye have given to me something that is holier than a
creed:
Ye have taught me faith to duty, though a task
remains undone,
Tall, serene, unflinching, faithful pines of Lexington.

ANEMONE

It is because
You break all laws
And bloom before the cold gray oak
One tiny leaf-bud has broke
To mark the Winter's pause;
Or yet before the alder trees
Have swung their catkins to the breeze
That you should be
Sweet messenger of Spring to me,
Dear, shy Anemone?

I wonder why,
Beneath the sky
Of Winter clouds and Winter gloom,
While other plants are yet in tomb,
That you should catch the first, glad ray
Of coming Springtime's happy day.
In your dear face
Of dainty grace:
Why mother Nature should agree
That you should bloom
Amid the gloom,
Dear, shy Anemone.

Dear, shy Anemone.
You always seem to me
Like spirit of some troubled bride
Whose lover in the long past died;
So coming to earth before
The sleep of other flowers is o'er,
You look within the woods to see
If he
Would not again fall quite in love
With thee,
Dear, shy Anemone.

COME, WALK WITH ME

Who walks the ways of sweet content
Outward and back again,
Who feels the thrill that Joy has sent
O'er all Love's soft domain!

Whose nights are filled with music sweet
And days with ne'er a pain,
Where perfume or rare blossoms meet
Adown Love's fair domain!

Come walk with me this little while
Across the amber plain
And learn with Joy and me to smile,
Content in Love's domain.



THE WIDE, SWEET WORLD OF MEMORY

*We sit beside the hearth-stone
Where the fire-light's ruddy glow
Brings back the faded pictures
From the realm of long ago,
And I smoke my pipe in silence,
As a star comes out in the west,
But never a word is uttered
From the lips of my silent guest.*



ROSALIND

Ah! how I yet recall the blessed day
When we together walked Love's holy way;
Strange, unseen lutes made music in the wind
Because of you, dear Rosalind.

The stolid years have crowded thick and fast;
Your pictured face is buried in the past,
Yet when the skies of every Springtime bend,
The lutes still play for Rosalind.

Ah Fate! divorce my fortunes, if you will—
Take house and lands, but this much leave me still—
That I may hear until my journey's end
The lutes that play for Rosalind.

HAS GONE THE SILENT WAY

Yon moon looks down on you and I,
And then for one in vain:
Once three of us were passing by
But now she sees but twain.

Alas! from out some sad-robed night,
When busy day is done,
The moon will cast her mellow light
This way and find but one.

And after some fair Junes have passed
The moon will look this way,
Of there who walked, behold, the last
Has gone the silent way.

LEGACIES

I have the summer sun to warm and smile
on me.

Blue skies to look upon

I have the breadth and width of shining
sea,

And twilight gold when day is done:

A few warm friends with me to converse hold

Beside the ingle-nook—

Old memories, too, and stories yet untold

From many a friendly book:

With these to bless life's bending firmament

Who would not smile—who would not be
content?

A PRAYER

Dear God, when day runs swiftly in its might

With all its glitter and its gaudy haze,

Its mockish pretense and o'er crowded ways.

My baser self stalks proudly up the height,

And I forget Thy constant, watchful sight,

That, like a sentry, ever with me stays.

But when the night draws close its ebon veil,

To hush the laughter and the noisy shout,

And silence fills the empty street without,

I see Thy stars beyond the tumult sail,

Lo! then I turn repentant, sad and pale

To plead Thy blessing ere the lights go out!

A SONG IN THE NIGHT

I

A weird, sweet gloom, the perfumed Southern night
Envelope hill and vale,
While far away, upon a sea of light,
Star-craft in wonder sail.

Along the hedgerow crimson poppies blaze
Into red passion's fire,
The primrose lifts its cup in purple haze
Filled with the night's desire.

So tense the silence, so profound its peace
That where the zephyrs went
Their noiseless feet the tangled vines release
In loving wonderment.

A clump of myrtles bloomed along the hill,
One strange bouquet of white,
These, with the moon and starlight, seemed to fill
The mystery of night.

O night of silence, slumber of the soul
Of eager, restless day,
I marvel not yon bird could not withhold
Its love-impassioned lay.

II

Somehow the slender bands of sleep
Untangled as I heard
Faint echoes through my window creep
Of singing mocking-bird.

I leaned without the casement far
To hear each love-spent note:
Then some one left the gates ajar
Through which old mem'ries float.

III

The years slipped back to other days,
Each bar of song was twined about
With one lost face, within whose gaze
Old dreams and hopes went out.

The years slipped back, I knew not how,
I only knew I heard a song:
Then thought of some one's spoken vow
And knew that love is strong.

I wondered not that tears should fall;
Who would not sadly weep as I
Should some one from the hedgerow call
Who long has dwelt on high?

MAGDALENE

I

Listen, the angels are calling, calling,
Their tears for some poor sister are falling:
 Such tears of grief by immortals are shed
 Only when some lone, unfortunate head,
Pressed by a crown, made of thorns so appalling,
Dies on the Calvary where He has bled.

See, yonder the world goes happily by,
Lifting its head of self-righteousness high.
 Like Pharisees old, the better than thou,
 They pass, but to others no virtue allow:
Content with self they breathe not a sigh
For her who is dead in oblivion now.

II

Within a tinselled room
Gaudy and full of gloom,
No mother's hand to soothe the weary brow,
No father's look, with pity in it now,
So young she died; with strangers all about
To watch and weep as life went slowly out.

The house was marked for sin
And no one entered in
Save they, who of her crimson world were part.
No priest or prelate found it in his heart
To minister within a house unclean,
Where slept this Christ-forgiven Magdalene.

III

I saw the lone procession pass
That bore her to a pauper's grave
And marveled one so young, alas,
Could die, as dies the brave.

The few who followed in the wake,
Where gaudy coffin led the way,
Shed tears of grief for love's own sake,
Few feel and weep as they

Who walk the bitter ways of sin
Like weeping Magdalene of old,
For when the good Christ enters in
Their utmost guilt is told.

* * * * *

Beside the grave no prelate stood
The simple rights of death to read,
No Pharisee, or righteous could
Afford her cause to plead.

They left her in a pauper's grave,
Where violets of purple grew,
But Christ a royal welcome gave:
She entered with the few.

THE ENCHANTED ROAD

Where silent pines guard well its course between
 The shy arbutus vines,
With canopy o'erhead of lacy green,
 Th' enchanted roadway twines.

With me she walked this pathway of delight,
 Blessing its sands of gold,
When youth and joy and springtime all unite
 Love's glory to unfold.

Long since she walks beside a fairer shore
 Where roses never fade,
And sacred is the road forevermore
 By her sweet presence made.

With careless feet, along its rain-washed sands
 Men, passing in and out,
Go day by day, nor see the pleading hands
 That beckon there about;

Nor hear the whisper in the grief-swept trees
 That meeting overhead,
Embrace, like some one, who in silence grieves
 For its beloved dead.

DREAMS OF YESTERDAY

Where the sunset glory lingered in the Autumn's
crimson glow,
With a glance she swept the meadows, where the
shadows deeper grow,
But she did not see the shadows, nor the phantoms
there at play,
For her busy soul was dreaming all her dreams of
yesterday.

Brow of girlhood, once so tender, now all marked
with lines of care,
Hand of Time, forever busy, left his print of sorrows
there;
Auburn hair, a woman's glory, now bestrewn with
threads of gray,
While she dreamed in silent wonder all her dreams
of yesterday.

Once again she heard the whisper of a lover at her
side,
Once again she felt the blushes maiden shyness could
not hide;
Then she closed her eyes in silence, like one bowing
down to pray,
Blessing Fate for leaving still her sacred dreams
of yesterday.

Mingled with life's sweetest music, woven as a silver
string,
Comes an echo, soft and tender, in the lisp of one
sweet thing:
And the Mother eyes grow pensive, as they wander
far away,
Seeing yet the baby laughter in her dreams of
yesterday.

She has lived to golden Autumn, through Life's Spring
and Summertime,
She has weighed the joy of living, in its innocence
and prime;
She has learned that Love, the Master, sings the
softest roundelay
And is fairest of her idols in the dreams of
yesterday.

MY SILENT GUEST

We sit beside the hearth-stone,
Where the fire-light's ruddy glow
Brings back the faded pictures
From the realm of long ago,
And I smoke my pipe in silence,
As a star comes out in the west,
But never a word is uttered
From the lips of my silent guest.

And I hear as she sits beside me,
The rustle of silken dress
And upon my burdened shoulder
A vanished hand is pressed;
The perfume of one sweet Summer
Comes back with a memory blest,
But never a word is spoken
From the lips of my silent guest.

I stretch my hand in the stillness,
To touch the head of brown,
Praying a look of welcome
From the dreamy eyes cast down,
And a word from the lips so tender
That would come as a message blest,
But never a word is uttered
From the lips of my silent guest.

And so we sit in the stillness,
Alone through the blessed night,
Until each faded ember
Is lost in the coming light
Of the gaudy-mantled morning
And I wake in the hush of dawn
To stretch my hands in pleading,
But my silent guest is gone.

A TWILIGHT HYMN

I

A Summer twilight, glory-wrought and still,
Dim shadows on the hill;
The meadow brush, full bloom with scented things
A-whir with weary wings!

Beneath a sky, low-bent with silent stars,
One stands beside the bars
And lifts a song, full-flowing to the brim
In penitential hymn.

II

The distant hills caught up the sweet old song,
In echoes swift along,
Till notes, like those from some celestial lyre,
Came down and set on fire
The singer's soul. And when the last note died
Across the meadow's side
Night folded all, in sleep, beneath her wing,
Dreaming of those who sing.

ROSABELLE

I

Where lies that vast, unmeasured height
Whence you have gone, dear Rosabelle,
Through which you took your last, long flight?
You know the pathway well:—
Was it beset with clouds of night,
Or flooded with a golden light
Which from Elysium fell?

II

Was it alone you traveled there
Through that uncharted realm of space?
Or did some angel's presence care
For all your needs, in that long race
From earth and love and heart-things fair
And brush away the silent tear,
That must have stained your holy face!

Did you not pause to look away
From those dim heights to earth again—
To where the mortal shadows lay
All mixed with joy and love and pain,
And turn your heavenward course astray
To taste love's sting, for one short day,
And bear the crimson of its stain?

III

The streets are new to your bright eyes
And all bewildering the ways of gold—
So far unlike the earthly paths of old
That in the silence I can hear replies
Unto my prayer:—Somehow I hear your sighs!

The vast, wide sweep that circles far
Your horizon is all too wide
To house that love which used to hide
In closer bounds, beneath a mortal star,
That flamed my soul and made you what you are.

The old, sweet thoughts of time's corrupted earth
Must come to you like phantoms pale—
Must come and plead, yet no avail
Have they to move you from your newer birth,
Nor waken in my soul one note of mirth.

IV

Rest by the golden gate, dear Rosabelle,
There rest and wait:—
Soon I shall scent the yellow asphodel
That waves its plumes about your new estate;
And when our hands shall meet across the golden bar
Eternity, alas! will be too fleet
In which my soul may tell
Its love for you—Its love for what you are!

BROKEN IDOLS

I

Since three decades, three long decades, out where
the coarse world swings
In its swirl of war, of love and trade, where the
flute of Mammon sings,
I walk once more by a garden wall that encircles
the holiest things.
The arch of heaven, just as of old, bends earthward
over all,
The clustered sun-rays come as full and on the
blossoms fall:—
From out the mass of weeds the ghosts of other
springtimes call.

II

Across the field, two leagues away, the same sad
river runs,
Slipping between the silent hills that count the
setting suns—
Beyond, a stretch of withered pines stands out like
skeletons.
Here in the garden tangled vines in wild confusion
grow:
Down yonder path the dainty feet of other
summers go—
And here I count my losses, all, no man shall ever
know.

III

The sea lies there, beyond that stretch of coral-colored
sand;
Whose shore line running far is like some magic,
mystic land—
Whose moan is filled with sorrow, which my soul
can understand.
Is it her voice that mingles soft, with every lapping
wave
That breaks upon the beaches, there, a part of her
young grave!
Or is it only wishing so for one I love and crave?

IV

She was fairer than the meadows, fairer than the
April skies,
All my world of youthful glory shone within her
witching eyes:—
Where she went I gladly followed, where she dwelt
was paradise.
But the jealous sea, enamored, longed to have her
for his bride
Where the nameless, sea-winged mystics in the
coral valleys hide,
While my soul, like Juda's master, on its cross was
crucified.

V

The day is still afresh in mind, when I knew the
good ship sailed:

The flood of years, nor dust of time its memory has
assailed:

The wonder of her love and mine, remain as then,
unveiled:

But when the wreckage, whipped and torn along
the shore was spread

And the sole escaping sailor brought message of
the dead

The weight of Age and Doubt and Death was laid
upon my head.

VI

Like exiled waters of the sea, held captive in some
green lagoon,

That, restless, wait in idleness beneath the sultry
afternoon,

Hear yonder waves dash on the rocks and long to
mingle in their swoon

Of wild, free life, on alien coasts; thus restless
captive, I

Bewail the bonds that hold me fast, that will not
let me fly

And find my silent dead, somehow, somewhere,
in some new sky.

VII

Since then I hate the treachery of every wave that
scars the main:
I hate its storms, I hate its calms, I hate its stern
disdain
Of human sorrow; and I hate the shore that bears
its stain;
For not one spot around the world by every clime
and shore
On which the breakers fall and seethe and wash
and wail and roar,
But reveals some broken idol, lost to worship
evermore.

VIII

Until this grief came in my soul, with all its poisoned
stings
And shadowed as some fabled bird, with black ill-
omened wings,
I had my god, my church, my creed, my love for
holy things:
But now, bereft, my soul is wrapped in questioning
and doubt,
I cannot fix abiding faith on aught within, or out;
My anchor lost, I drift, alas! like derelict about.

IX

Is there a god who takes away the thing for which
we yearn?
Who daily listens unto prayer, but who will not
return
Out of his wealth the simple gifts for which the soul
may burn,
All idols which the East has known through ages
far away
Have listened, all unheeding, as pagans kneel to
pray,
And answer not. Can I believe my God as cold
as they?

X

Sometimes I think I have no God. My slender faith
hangs by a thread.
I look upon yon smiling sea and know that she is
dead,
And then I feel the frost of time grown whiter on
my head.
So out of all my weariness I cast about to find
Some stay on which to rest my faith, stronger
than man or mind:
'Tis then to love the old faith more my spirit
is inclined.

XI

"Can all be chance? Are prayers in vain? Alas!
are chanted creeds
All writ to ease the soul of him, undone by cruel
deeds,
Are churches, altars only meant to fill the sinner's
needs?"
I asked my soul thus, burdened with a grief it
could not bear:
Somehow, unanswering silence to the pleading
waited there,
Somehow, I lost old human faith in life's old
stronghold—prayer.

XII

All through ten thousand years and more no sun
has yet forgot to rise—
All through ten thousand years and more no calm
of nightly skies
Has yet forgot a single star—and so the destinies
Of sun and star, the April rain and winter's frosted
snows
Must have some godly hand that holds the guiding
reins and knows
The paths of all things great or small—the path
which each one goes.

XIII

There are some treasured playthings left about this
mansion old and gray;

Along the garden wall still grow the sweet, old
blossoms of her day:

Secure I keep her pictured face, which fate nor death
can take away.

Along this walk I told my love, along this walk
she told me hers;

Beside this gate said good-bye, where I first saw
her tears:

These Memory's soul has loved and kept throughout
the wasted years.

XIV

The shadow falls aslant my path—'tis there where
dawn be-lights the skies,

And when the twilight curtains fall along the West
it lies:

At night it deepens and be-dims the sight of weary
eyes;

And yet, through all, I keep my god, my creed
and on the altar lay

My daily sacrifice and guard love's flame afresh
each day:

These fate, nor man, nor envious sea, can ever
take away.

EARTH'S SADDEST NIGHT

The stars over Palestine were dim that night.
Not because of any obscuring clouds,
Or silvery mist, or plant-refreshing rain.
It was the dry season and the atmosphere
Was crystal-clear, without fleck or flaw.

The stars were dim because of their own tears—
Tears unbidden, which could not be restrained.
The dew was heavy on the olive leaves
And on the sparse grass were crystal beads of water.
For the night wept, as well as the far away stars
And the very darkness seemed to groan in agony.

Down in a garden one lone figure bowed.
The world has ever since loved the olive trees
Because they shadowed His grief, in part only,
From the far-dimmed stars and the night.
No grief had ever touched a soul that was so keen,
So all-powering, as that which reached the Master
On that saddest night the world has ever known.
Desertion by friends would be bearable—
The shadow of to-morrow's cross could be endured;
The cut of the nails and the thrust of spears
Could all be borne—but beyond these,
Alas! the Master felt a keener grief!

Through long ages the world had sinned.
Backward lay the savage cruelties
Of unrecorded savage wars.
The cry of innocent and unprotected children,
Of lone murders in the silent night,
Of sin-stained women in despair,
Of a world's savagery and open guilt,
All came to the Master in a single wail—
Pleading for mercy and absolution.

It was the total of a world's grief and its pain,
The total of its crimes and atrocities,
The acme of its secret murders
And its flagrant, open abortions,
Stretching backward through the ages.
The suffering of forty centuries was laid upon one soul.

That was the secret of the Master's plea :
"If this cup may pass, O, Father."
No wonder the stars were dim with tears,
No wonder the tropic night wept heavily,
No wonder the darkness groaned out its grief,
As the Master's prayer was heard around a world.

Earth's saddest night will always live
In romance, story and song
As the tenderest, sweetest memory
The world has ever known.

GOD GRANT THE YEARS GO SLOW

God grant the years go slow
God grant the days be long,
And lazily fall the twilight glow,
Linger the Even-song.

Yon moon that fills the west
With its silver-tinted gleams,
Will quickly sink to rest
And leave the world to dreams:

So to-morrow's sun will rise
Out of the gaudy dawn
And fill the Summer skies,
Then sink—and a day is gone.

I dread the day, Sweetheart,
When I shall kiss your hand
Farewell, and alone we part,
And go to another land;

For beyond the little way
We see with human eye,
Of it all we can only say:
We live, we love, we die.

So I pray that the years go slow,
God grant the days be long
And lazily fall the twilight glow,
Sing slowly the Even-song.

PRAYER

I

The Moslem on the burning sands of the desert,
Retreating from some nameless crime,
Or, in extremis from heat and thirst,
Knelt beside a lone palm tree
To bare his soul in prayer.

He uttered but few words, yet every line on his face
Betokened contrition and the storm of feeling
That had driven his sin-tossed soul
Into the haven of supplication.

He condones none of his guilt:
He hides nothing, but tells his unseen god
That he is more sin-spotted than any Moslem
Who curses the desert with his presence.

He bares his soul to the merciless sun,
He strikes his uncovered breast
And with head thrown back,
With arms wide open, he faces the East
To receive that unfailing pardon
Of which he is unworthy.
The Moslem prays!

II

In the gray dawn of a tawdry room,
Disheveled by the marks of debauch and revelry,
A woman awakens from troubled sleep.
The hand of dissipation has touched her face
And laid the marks of keen regret
Where the lines of beauty should be.

She thinks long and tensely in the dim light.
Recollections of girlhood and girlhood joys
Come back to blight her awakening.
Her breast heaves with emotion
And unbidden tears well into the beautiful eyes.
Slowly she rises and down beside the couch of disgrace
She bows the head of black tresses
In a Magdalene's prayer of repentance.

Like the Moslem, there is no condoning her sin.
All of her guilt lies weighty upon her young soul.
She feels unworthy, even to pray,
And yet, in the dim light of her gaudy room,
With its simple trinkets of her fallen life,
There come the gentle words of the Master:
"I condemn thee not, go, sin no more."

The Magdalene prayed.

III

Within the splendor of God's temple,
With its Bible, its altar and its sacramental feast,
A man knelt on velvet cushions
And read the cold lines of prayer
Printed in a cold book:
Reading in unison with a liveried minister
Who stood by a golden altar.

Rich hangings were about the windows
And the smell of incense was in the air.
But alas! the cold words from the cold book,
Uttered by self-loving Pharisee lips,
Went no further than the door of the temple.
The spirit of no tense feeling, or repentance was there
To carry them further; for self-love and content
Filled the man's soul.
The prayer was a mockery
And brought no answer.

GUILT

Bowed and bare to the lash's cut
The slave bent low to take his punishment;
And when he sought repose within his hut
Even amid his pain, somehow, he found content.
But in a mansion where the conscience sting
Sent through a soul its taunting of unrest
Alas! the bird of guilt would not take wing
But made its home within the victim's breast.

A CAROLINA GARDEN

Larkspur, hollyhock and the constant phlox
 Blossom along the wall,
Outside whose gate the hand of some one knocks
 And unseen footsteps fall.

Down yonder path gray pinks and asters meet
 Where foxgloves mix about:
The rose vine climbs upon the wall to greet
 The daisy blooms without.

All day gardenias and the jasmine vine
 Distill and scent the air
With odors that the blessed past entwine
 With one no longer there.

Within a clump of old mock orange trees,
 Which to the past belong,
The wild thrush sings a minor note and weaves
 A sadness to his song.

Garden of mem'ries where the past is kept
 Afresh with bloom and vine,
For her you leave no blessed day unwept:
 Each blossom is her shrine.

SINCE DINAH WENT AWAY

To-night in negro exile, in dis far off Northern clime,
I dreamed I saw de cabin home of old
Down beside de Southern river and de eve was Summer
time,
And de story of my sorrow there is told.

De whippoo-will was singing and de breeze was
blowing slow,
De air was full of perfume of de co'n,
But de shadows fall so heavy and de stars kind
hanging low,
'Cause Dinah, just my Dinah, she is gone.

No softness in de twilight since my Dinah went away,
No twinkle in de stars dat shine for love,
And de dog, he look much sadder and kinder pine
away,
Since Dinah died and went up there above.

De cabin it is just de same to others, I suppose,
The fields as green and other things as gay,
But a gloom is in de twilight and a darkness in my
soul,
Since Dinah, just my Dinah, went away.

BESIDE THE CONGAREE

Somehow to-night old longings fill
The saddened heart that burdens me,
While pictured glories softly thrill,
As down the wistful past I see
 A cottage in the meadows, still,
 Beside the Congaree.

I lift the veil that falls between
The now and then, and clearly see
The boy who romped upon the green
Of swarded hill that used to be
 His outer world, from which was seen
 The wondrous Congaree.

Out from the cottage, nestling there,
I sent my ships upon the sea,
And on the hill when June was fair
I spun my dreams of destiny.
 The ships are on the sea, somewhere,
 Beyond the Congaree.

To-night I know the moon-beams fall
Upon the hill—upon the lea—
I almost hear the night birds call
Unto their mates; once more I see
 The phantom pines, so gaunt and tall,
 Beside the Congaree.

Fate may divorce me of my gold,
May keep my ships upon the sea,
But memory better things can hold,
And these are mine, by destiny
 To feel youth's golden dreams unfold
 Beside the Congaree.

Long as the rose shall seek the sun,
So long as gulls shall love the sea,
So shall my tender longings run
Where flows the willowed Congaree
 Where dreams of untried days were
 spun
Beside the Congaree.

THE COAST OF DESTINY

Ho! sailor of the treacherous seas, what port is in
 thine eye?
Some friendly shore thy vision sees beneath a sun-lit
 sky;
The softest wind thy canvas fills and holds thy
 pennant true
But watch for storms from off the main these peaceful
 waters brew.

How many craft have left the shores with winds like
 these to-day
And passed the capes of Thithermore, which bound
 the outer bay,
Then through the years, as men grow old and women
 wait and weep
No story of their fate comes back from off the
 faithless deep!

Ah! craftsmen all we spread the sail abreast the
 softest breeze
And steer across the unmarked trail of fable-haunted
 seas:
Some steer toward the port of fame, some pleasure's
 beckons see,
All reach one coast, despite their aim, the coast of
 destiny.

THE MASTER IN THE GARDEN

I

The crimson guilt of all the world was laid
Upon the Master's unoffending head,
Thence Sorrow him into the garden led,
With Grief and Silence in the dark he prayed:
The olive trees alone would shelter him
Within that hour so dim.

II

His faithful few, alas, were wrapp'd in sleep;
Men never court companionship with grief,
In prayer, alone, the soul must find relief,
Peace comes at last when one has learned to weep;
Thus prayed the Master, underneath the tree
In dark Gethsemane.

III

The waning stars seemed very far away,
The olive leaves beheld him as he wept,
And o'er the kneeling form close vigil kept
Until the waiting East was streaked with gray:
Then from his grief the Master, turning, said:
"Sleep on;" the East was red.

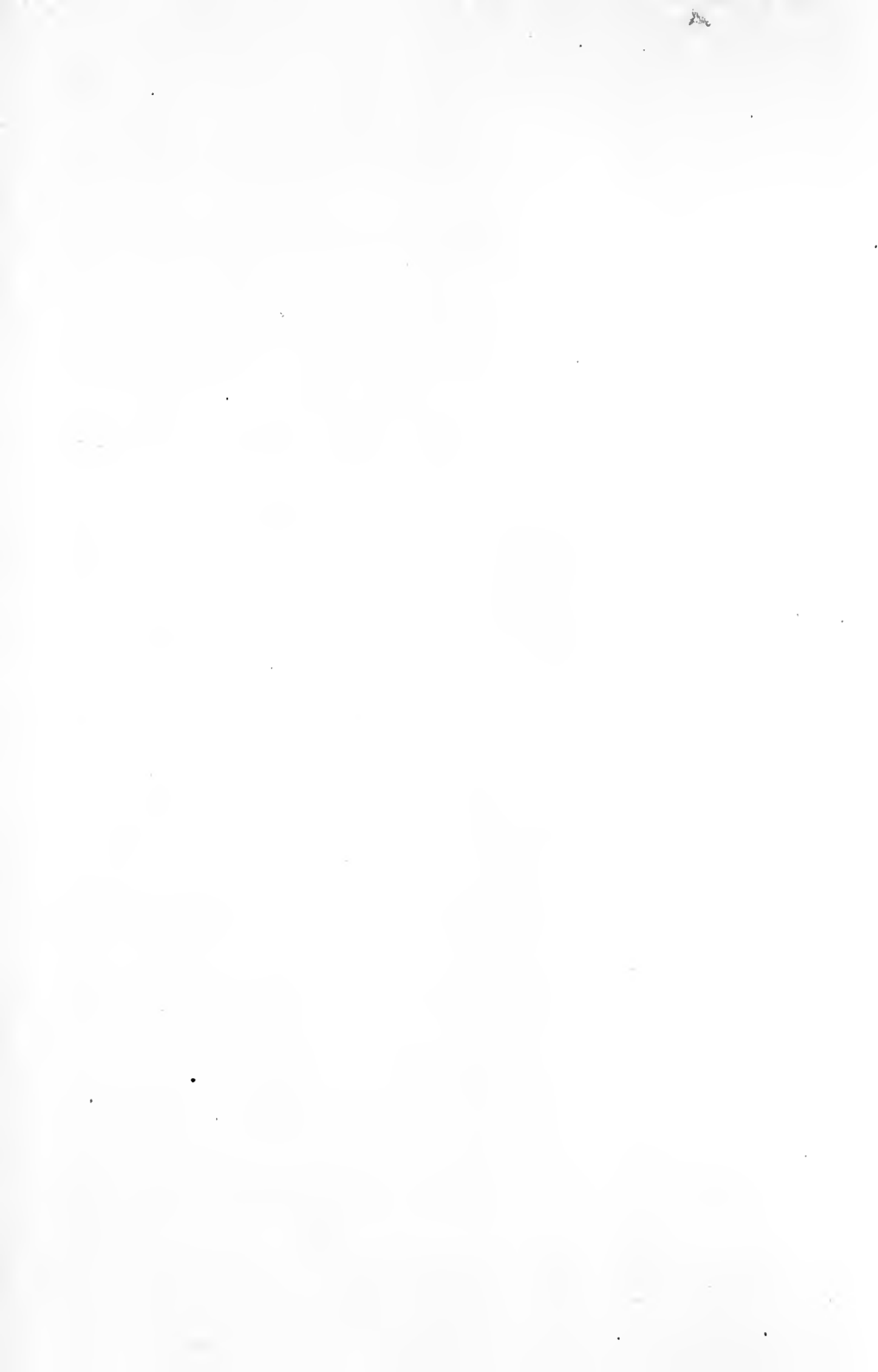
THE WORSHIPPERS

One knelt before a god of stone
And one before a god unseen,
Yet each his guilt would there atone
And leave his conscience clean.

Another looked upon the sun
Implored its heat and dazzling light
To bless the new day, just begun,
Until the footfall of the night.

Within a temple's costly shrine,
All wrought with gold and silver laid
Another worshipped the divine
And like the rest, devoutly prayed.

In North and South, in East or West
Each soul his longing will declare,
Yet he, of all, will worship best
Whose soul is in his prayer.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

*Wonder of water and wonder of sky,
Wonder of dusk, when a storm portends;
Wonderful shores that contented lie
And almost meet where the river ends!*



BEAUTY AND SOUL

Was it because my forms of beauty molded
Were all so rare, no face my soul could thrill,
That in despair the book of love I folded
And rested in my search—come good or ill?

Life's road was thronged with all the outward graces
Since mother Eve sent forth her children rare,
And yet my eyes looked on for fairer faces
But, somehow, no one seemed to pass me there.

In after years a voice was softly spoken,
That while its music past me seemed to roll,
I found, at last, the gods had sent this token:
"Know, what you seek is not a face—but soul."

Time gives us beauty in the April's blossomed glory;
Each tree stands out with offerings rich, but mute,
Yet, after all, we read life's richer story
In soft October's gift of ripened fruit.

GYPSY CREED

Call it the faith of Omar, or the dreamer's visioned
dream,
The nameless creed of the Hobo—passing idly by
Yet I laugh and dance in sunshine, beside the singing
stream,
With a heart as full of gladness, as yonder open sky.

The blood of the care-free Harlequin still pulses
in my veins
And ever urges onward, from day to day
I have no time for sorrow by light or summer rains
I have no time for toiling, yet plenteous time for play.

When the long, sweet day is ended and star-craft
fill the sky
My camp is in the wildwood, where all is still;
There lanterned lights I swing about, so pilgrims
passing by
May catch the gypsy spirit and learn the creeds that
thrill.

Sleep ends before the dawning, ere yet the East is
gray,
Adventure then awakens, alert, but slow
And ere I fare-forth singing, upon a care-free way
I strew the path with blossoms to point you whence
I go.

A VENDER OF DREAMS

He stood upon the corner in the city's crowded place
Selling his pale white lilacs from distant country
lanes

With the tan of April sunshine all fresh upon his
face—

Dealing in God's own treasure to help his scanty
gains.

"Come and buy the lilacs, I'm selling dreams today
Fresh from the fields of Paradise, with dew upon
them yet.

They will take you from the city to meadows far
away,

Where once their April coming you can nevermore
forget."

Then some one bought his lilacs, some one dressed in
silks and laces

And took them where the sick ones lay, amid their
grief and pain

And then, behold! the light of joy came back upon
their faces,

To see God's promise of the Spring in lilac blooms
again.

GATES OF TWILIGHT

Close, gates of twilight; leave me with the night,
To counsel take and set my soul aright

Of errors that beguiled me in the light,

 This, e'er I seek repose.

Close with the softness of an angel's tread,

Leaving without no deeds of wrong to dread,

No spoken word that I might wish unsaid;

 Dear gates of twilight, close.

YOUTH AND AGE

I

A Star comes up with the dawning
And one in the evening sky;
One has its path through the blue to run,
And one, with the day, must die.

II

Youth looks at the Star of the dawning
But Age at the Star in the west;
Youth hurries, his long, sweet race to run,
But Age asks only rest.

TO DOROTHY—EIGHTEEN

I love the days when your smile and laughter
Follow me on to the set of sun;
And I pray that the years which come hereafter
May hear your voice until life is done.

In the garden of dreams where memories slumber
And bless the years that lie between
There grows for me no holier number
Than this—when you reached your glad eighteen.

THE LOOM

I

The cold night slowly wanes
And the wind, like clank of chains
Battles the stubble along the village lanes:—
 Hoar frost is on the grass,
 And in the souls of those who pass,
 Going to toil, before the dawn, alas!

II

A bell on factory height
Disturbs the quietude of night—
That fills belated hearts with fright:—
 And where the long procession goes
 With souls, like stiffen'd hedges, froze,
 Each has its griefs and hidden woes!

III

No age of serf or slave,
Of master, brute, or knave,
To God's sweet world yet gave
 A servitude, with keener pain,
 Or hands bound with a stronger chain
 Than those, whose lives, by toil are slain.

IV

The factory lights that glare
Through winter's frosted air
Beckon, alas! to roadways of despair:
 And the looms that ceaseless weave
 Their web and woof, achieve
 Joy for the rich alone
 And sorrow for these who grieve.

V

Say naught of the endless day
In the shadowy mill of grey,
Where toil is set to the tune of dull dismay!
 Say naught of the little hands
 Which feed the endless strands
 That closer bind the helpless serf
 To wealth's unslaked demands!

VI

The vesper bell has rung:
The stars in the blue are hung:
The day has left its sweetest songs unsung:—
 Back in the cold and the gloom,
 Back to a place called home
 The toilers go from the whirr and curse
 From the Moloch frown of the Loom.

THE TRAIL OF INHERITANCE

I

The blood that flows in human veins
Through long, long years, from sire to son,
Begets and grows, in kindred strains,
Where one life ends—and one's begun.

The yellow locks of Swedish girl,
The swarthy brow of Beduin——
Repeats in distant baby's curl:
Repeats in far-off deeds of sin.

One cannot shun the heritage
Some parent gave in ages past:
While history turns its page on page
The mark of birth goes to the last.

II

I've watched the fairest lily grow
Within the garden, spring on spring,
And when the April zephyrs blow
It blossoms forth, the same sweet thing.

I've seen the winds drive to an alien soil
The crafty nettle—such a harmless looking thing—
Yet distance changes not, nor new surroundings spoil
Its pinkish bloom, which grows a deadly sting.

Blood flows unchanged. For good or ill
A thin veneer may cover up
The inward passions ruling: still
Each one must drink from parent cup.

IN THE DESERT

The orient sky was dusted thick with stars:
Some twinkled bright with lustre—some were dim
Through mist of arid sands—and some to him
Stood far away, like sentinel that bars
The gates of home, beyond the desert's rim!

He looked toward the sea; the only sight
Was one lone craft from Cyprus under sail—
Leading to some far Grecian port a trail
O'er chartless seas, through lonely tropic night,
Straight homeward bound—he in the desert's jail!

The hot winds blew from over-land and swept
The sands beneath his feet, the breath from out
his throat:
Then just above a mirage seemed to gloat
O'er his tired soul; while near a phantom crept,
His last lone sight, ere with the dead he slept.

The winds blew on—the soulless winds that know
No mercy on the desert's face, but crave
More desolation; and thus speeding onward—so,
Beneath the stars they left an unmarked grave.

WOMAN

The Master, in an idle, dreaming hour,
Flushed with creation's power;

Pleased with the work His skillful hands had
done,

Pleased with the sea, the land, the burning sun
Which through the ages, at His word must run,
Looked for some task his fancy to beguile,
Just for a little while.

Of ponderous things: the earth, the sun, the sea
Full weary-souled was He.

The storms were taught to guard the trackless
main,

The stars to rise, to shine and set again,

The clouds to fill and weep the April rain:
All things complete, the Master paused to play,
Just for a little day.

Out of the soft, responding clay He made
A toy, with beauty laid;

A woman's form, soft tinted and complete,
In which all lines of glory seemed to meet:

And when, within, a heart began to beat
The Master smiled. His playful task was best;
Fairer than all the rest.

O POET, SING

Sing ye, O man, ye poet men, O sing
Of lowly hearth and wooden lighted fire,
Where life is such a lowly, simple thing,
Unmoved by keen desire.

Sing ye, O man, of those who know the soil
Sing ye of faces browned by burning sun,
Of hearts made strong by fellowship with toil
Who God's own faith have won:

Sing ye of fields, low horizoned by pines,
Beyond whose tops no fervid wish may fly,
Where, somehow, fate to lowly paths confines
Slow feet afraid to try.

THE UNBLESSED

I pity him who walks alone,
Life's prosy road, the lonesome way,
Who finds no hands to greet him home
At close of day.

But more than this I pity him
Who, after toil of day is o'er,
Hears not the lisp of childish voice
To greet him at his door.

THE DENIAL

The night was cold and Peter's heart beat fast with
new emotion,
His lips were white and thin:
The little court was noisy with to-morrow's strange
commotion
That stirred the hearts of men.

"You know the man," a maiden spoke, "alas, you
are forgetting,"
As Peter turned away;
Then like one riven by some dread, brought on by
old regretting,
He heard the call of day!

Down in his soul the Master's words came like the
knell of sorrow
And smote with sudden dread;
"Ye will deny me thrice before the dawning of the
morrow."
Then lo! the East was red!

LOT'S WIFE

Pausing she looked back: looked back where heat
waves twirl

Out of the desert's soul, above the sands;
Back o'er the waste, where little eddies whirl
Of nomad winds, which blow from many lands.

Was it the ingle-nook made dear by olden tales
Oft told by husband, child, or comrade friends,
Or dream, that like a ship in memory sails
That held her feet, where love or duty ends?

We all look back: some to a treasured toy
Locked safe away within a hidden place;
And some recall an old remembered joy
Which even yet may brighten Sorrow's face.

Thus, censure not the lonely figure left
Upon the plain, face wrapped in tense desire,
Defying all, and yet of all bereft
Amid the glare and flame of Sodom's fire.

DREAMS OF CHILDHOOD

Somewhere I've read in an olden book
This legend, gray with the moss of age;
That a traveler, weary in step and look,
Went forth on his last long pilgrimage.
At the golden gate, all deftly wrought,
He paused, in awe, at its beauty rare,
For in his hands no gift he brought
That would pass him in through the portals fair,
 Save this: that he carried within his soul
 The blessed love of a childish face,
 The only thing in the scanty toll
 Of an empty life that he could trace:
But seeing the gift St. Peter said:
"No richer thing can a mortal bring;
Behold the gates wide open swing
For one, whom a little child has led."

ON THE ROAD TO SLEEPY-TOWN

On the road to Sleepy-Town,
As the wondrous sun goes down,
 Little hands and little feet,
 Wearied out with play complete,
Now would stop at every sound
On the road to Sleepy-Town.

Busy has the whole day been,
From the dawn until its end
 And the gentle twilight glow,
 Where the weary feet now go,
 Falls like benediction down
On the road to Sleepy-Town.

Just ahead, the Gate of Dreams,
Through the stillness casts its gleams:
 Just ahead the hand of sleep
 Reaches out to touch the cheek
Of each little head of brown,
Longing so for Sleepy-Town.

Let me take you to my breast,
Just this moment ere you rest,
 Let me hold the hands so sweet,
 As the daylight goes to sleep,
Kiss the droopy eyelids down
On the road to Sleepy-Town.

TO ONE SIXTEEN

I

From the warm, white beach, where the Gulf of
Aden lies
Like a ruby waste, blue as a moslem's eyes;
From the Red Sea sands that wash a tentless shore,
To the far, far East, where the desert closed the door
To human trail; and where the caravan
Paused in despair at the last white hut of man,
A fairy brought all colors, new and old,
To work and weave into your hair of gold.

II

From Egypt's gardens where the finest silk is spun
And poppies catch all colors of the sun.
Where desert waste distills in nightly dew,
Her Crystals charged with every tropic hue,
This fairy caught from underneath the skies
The nameless charm and sparkle of your eyes.

III

Out of the South where blooms the scented Thyme,
Where every sand is like a poet's rhyme;
From coasts where palms lean seaward in repose
And every day dreams idly to its close
Your goddess brought, within her dainty ships,
The tempting languor of your girlish lips.

TO A LITTLE CHILD

Dear Innocence, by sin yet undefiled
Dear eyes of wonderment,
I look along your pathway, rough and wild,
With sun and shadow blent:
Dear untried feet, tender and soft and white,
Dear hands without a scar,
How my strong love would hold you in its might
And keep you as you are.

Alas! I know the pitfalls that await
Your dear untravelled feet,
What sins shall snare, beyond sweet Childhood's gate
Where will and duty meet:
I know the heart-aches that will fill your soul,
The bitter draught of sin,
The broken idols, you must chance behold,
Before the journey's end.

Dear Innocence, if I could walk ahead,
Along your untried way
And feel its cutting stones and thorns instead
Of you, from day to day;
How I would shield you with my circling arms
And wall you round about,
My wishes guard, like some mysterious charm,
Your going in and out!

DAUGHTERS OF EVE

SAPPHO

Immortal Sappho! daughter of the fabled Grecian sea,
Where white-sailed ships went, filled with fruitful
trade,

Thy beauty scorched young Phaon's heart, while he
On fluted reed earth's sweetest love-songs played.

And so the notes this pristine lover sung
Freshened the world's gray dawn, as April rain:
About the lips of those who love, they clung
Like kiss without a stain.

IZEYL

Came Buddha to the world in India's early dawn,
Teaching surrender of Desire to passioned men;
Some listened; others to soft waiting arms were drawn,
But few were turned from sin.

Then from the mystic East appeared the fair Izeyl
And danced for Buddha, passion in her art,
Until the priest, enamored, knew full well
A new god ruled his heart.

BALKIS

When from the Syrian desert Balkis came,
Bringing her miles of every precious thing
From Eastern lands; within her burned a flame
Of fear, for Egypt's king.

Yet when her splendor in the temple stood
Before his gaze, departed all her fears,
For Sheba's intuition understood
That Solomon was hers.

CLEOPATRA

Beside the lotus waters of the lazy Nile
Walked Cleopatra, looking far away,
Where templed distance lengthened, mile on mile,
Waiting his coming at the close of day.

And when the Roman came from conflicts new,
His face to hers, while Egypt's eyes were wet,
The battered warrior, in her embrace, knew
Ambition's sun had set.

TO SIDNEY LANIER

Died September, 1881

I

The laurel hath no dread of future ills:
The Winter's snows, nor Summers torrid sun
Can wilt its leaves; thus, lo! his glad heart thrills,
In sweet content, o'er times last conflict won.

II

Our calm September weeps, as Autumn leaf
Turns crimson all her gifts of harvest fruit,
For he shall come no more to ease our grief,
Nor sing for us, where Sorrow's lips are mute.

III

The wreath of fame, fears not the rust of years,
Nor clamors for the gift of marble spire;
We are content to smile through pity's tears
Since he hath warmed our souls with music's fire.

SOLDIERS OF FREEDOM

Summer of 1918

I

Up from a land of gladness, content in the peace
of living,
You come, you come, at your country's call, from
North and the South
From East and the West, willingly all that is best
within you giving,
With the tan of your native sun on your brow and
the kiss of Love on your mouth.

II

From the lowly cot and the lordly hall, you haste at
the voice of Freedom calling,
Fresh from the arms of a sweet girl's love, fresh
from a mother's tears:
As a single man you hasten, to aid where the brave
are falling
And save the soul of Freedom, through all the
coming years.

III

Up from the busy street of trade and up from the
lowly places
With the flush of Peace upon your brows, you
come, not asking why,
Ready to give the best ye have—ah, God! these
youthful faces!
Ready to save the world for men—even if ye must
die!

IV

God bless you, men of the khaki—soldiers of
Freedom's making;
God bless your daring task, in the cause of human
right,
Although you leave behind a million warm hearts
aching,
Know you that the Nation stands with you in its
love and all its might!

V

I sometimes think, with awe, when the twilight's
deeper turning
Drifts from day into dark—of the hearthstones
left alone;
How the winter nights shall slowly wane, where
desolate hearts are burning,
Because ye Sons of Freedom are gone—are gone!

VI

You heard the call from across the seas, from the
bloody fields of Flanders,
You heard the sob of woman's cries, despoiled by
the despot Hun;
And up your manhood rises, to duty each one
answers—
No more to seek the roads of Peace, till Liberty's
work is done.

AFTER—1916

I

After this war is over, this nameless curse of the
ages—
When man is lashed with a whip that cuts and
stings:
After the Hun has soiled with blood all of history's
pages
Will the soul of man not turn to holier things?
Or, will the curse of the war degrade the hearts and
homes of men
And take us back for a thousand years to the age
of sin?

II

Will men be braver, because of the year's slow
turning
They have spent, where the sound of the busy guns
kept pace:
Or, will they return with ghostly fears and yearning,
With the pallor of Death still fresh upon their face?
Will they come back from the fields where the demon
laughter
Of dying souls, has filled the air with dread:
Their hearts all seared with hate, for the long years
after,
Wishing their fate had been the fate of the dead?

III

Methinks when the shot-scarred remnants return to
their homes again:
Back to the waiting bosoms, back to the tear-stained
eyes,
That a song will thrill in the pulsing of the hearts
long used to pain:
That a prayer will rise in the voice from earth to
the skies:
Methinks Gethsemane's suffering, through which these
left have trod,
Will turn each soul of the warrior to the holier path
of God.

INHERITANCE

I

I cannot say from whence it came and some would
tell, perhaps with shame;
But in my blood the warm South flows and fire of
Eastern romance glows,
And burns with steady flame.

II

The East forever calls to me; the olive and the lotus
tree
Spread their soft shade to rest upon
My soul, scorched by the tropic sun;
Yet desert heat is always sweet
Where scarlet flame and love are one!

III

Perhaps, within some age of sin,
My father passed as Beduin;
Perhaps, within my veins there hide,
The warm bloods of a Moslem's bride;
For this I know, the drowsy East
And dreamy South, with fiery ways,
Feed my desires. like kingly feast
And through my blood forever plays.

AH! BITTER FATE

Ah! bitter fate
 To have the dreams,
 Yet not the skill of brush or pen
The vision's glories to translate:
 This is the heritage of sin!

Ah! bitter wait
 To see the glow
 Of grandeur pass before the eye!
The colors come too late, too late
 Before the dreams take wings and fly.

We hear the notes
 Immortals sing,
 We hear the music of the spheres,
But ere we grasp, each echo floats
 Adown the swift forgotten years.

This is the price
 We mortals pay
 For that immortal part within:
With flesh we shake the fateful dice
 And lo! the flesh is sure to win!

PILGRIM AND CAVALIER

I

The pilgrim knelt upon the rock-bound coast,
Lifting his voice in prayer;
From him the stillness heard no vaunting boast
His coming to declare—
For in his soul the peace of reason glowed
And blessed his new abode.

II

The Cavalier from far Castilian shore
Bestrode yon tropic beach,
Athirst for land and all its golden store
Seeming within his reach:
No mercy his, but only greed and quest
His mission in the West.

III

The tardy years grind slowly but repay
The right and wrong of man:
Where Pilgrim built upon the coast of gray
His children now command;
But all the coasts of Yucatan display
Spain's glory in decay.

THE TYRANNY OF LAW

I sometimes hate the tyranny of law
Because my love of freedom is so wide.
The very thoughts of locks and chains is awe
To one who has no guilty act to hide.

I watch the birds about my cottage gate
And envy all the freedom they possess;
I see the clouds that swiftly go or wait,
And wonder why man's freedom should be less!

There are no prisons for the daffodils
That bless each day when blooming Spring abides,
There are no chains to lock the rose that thrills
With June's awaking, save the clasp of brides.

Ah! stupid man that he should be beset
By hindrance which the things of Nature scorn;
Why should his sturdy race, alas! beget
An offspring, of its widest freedom shorn.

And thus I hate the tyranny of laws,
The sight of prison wall, the clank of chain,
All things that rob of liberty, because
These bring to man his heritage of pain.

WHO PLANTS A TREE

Who plants a tree beside the road
Where man may rest his tired feet,
Amid the Summer's sullen heat
And ease his shoulder of its load,
Well loved is he! God blest is he!
Who plants a tree.

He may have passed beyond recall
When weary pilgrim by the way
Its shade may find, at noon of day,
Yet blessings on his soul will fall
And you can see, how blest is he
Who plants a tree.

So long as Spring shall wake the green
Of fluttering leaves upon its limb,
A deeper hue will burn for him.
And passing years that lie between
Will blessings be, for such as he
Who plants a tree.

A LITTLE STRANGER

I

Out of the mist a stranger rare
Came forth one day some home to share,
And as she journeyed through the skies
She caught the blue tints in her eyes;
From dawns she brought the pinkish hue
Upon her lips, when wont to coo;
And as she turned her dainty head
This little stranger softly said:—

II

“I just peeped in from out the sky
I do not know the reason why,
And as I passed from star to star
Some angel told me who you are,
Saying he thought that we are kin
And thought perhaps you'd take me in.
Nothing I have—no baggage bring.
For I am such a helpless thing—
No food, no clothes, no shoes to wear
While you, I'm sure, have much to spare.
But if you let me stay awhile
I'll try to pay you with a smile
I only ask some place to sleep
In some spare crib, and when I peep
From out its depths, into your eyes,
I'll bring you taste of paradise.”

MORNING

All through my woe I called to Thee :
 Out of the depths I cried
But never a word from yonder shoreless sea
 To my lone prayer replied.

Yet when the night, like me was spent,
 With grief and old despair,
The gray of dawn brought joy and sweet content :
 My answer waited there.

WAR

I

War thunders down the ages
Like some wild storm that rages,
Leaving on history's pages
 The red stains of despair :
List ye, where men are dying
And orphaned ones are crying,
List ye, to woman's sighing
 And find the war-god there !

II

Where one hero's head is lifted
Through the hands of Death are sifted
A thousand trembling hearts, less gifted,
 And stilled forever more :
Where there shines one deed of glory,
There ten thousand hands are gory,
And few are left to tell the story
 And these are sorrow-sore.

EGYPT

Thou patriarch of nations, wrinkled, gray,
Crouching beside thy well beloved Nile,
I marvel not the hand of Doom should lay
So heavy as to hide thy ancient smile.

If every grain of sand along thy shore
Measured a cycle of a thousand years,
Counting them all, thy age would still be more,
Their measured grief would scarce be half thy tears.

Thy watch-dog Sphynxes on the desert stand,
Invisible the flocks of ghosts they keep;
Their grief as boundless as the endless sand
That stretches far beyond the vision's sweep.

Grim land of mummies, where the hot winds creep,
Desert of lip-closed secrets of all years,
Thy crimes have hardened clouds that cannot weep
And crushed thee far beyond the flow of tears.

If thy sad Nile no pity for thee kept
And brought no blessings from the mountain side,
Thy woes, alas, would then be doubly wept
And Desolation all thy visage hide!

Ghost of the past: Mother of fallen Pride,
Keeper of groans the keenest suffering knows,
Stretch far thy sands and let the desert hide
Thy crimes and grief, perchance to ease thy woes.

GRAY DAWN

The city sleeps! Like monster, many-eyed,
Its heart throbs slow, within the gray of dawn,
Too weary now for laughter or a yawn;
This is the ebb-flow of its human tide.

The last gay reveller now seeks repose
Upon a couch, where old Regret will be
Companion and as restless there as he;
Paying the tribute sullen Fates impose.

Crime hurries past: the day is not for him,
Save to forget, in morbid slumber, all
His ill-wrought deeds, which in his dreaming call
Aloud for penance, through his chamber dim.

She, of the crimson world, no longer seeks
Her timid victims through the lanes of night:
The gray of dawn awakens sudden fright
Within her soul, where weeping Conscience speaks.

The mass bells toll. A priest with cross and scroll
Seeks yonder cloister, with its incense sweet,
Where Guilt his weird confessions will repeat,
And ask a pardon for his weary soul.

Through mists of gloom a worker's hasty tread
Breaks the dim silence, going forth to spin,
That bread may bless his home and those within:
And now the sleeper wakes: the East is red.

HYPOCRISY

Thy silken cloak—Hypocrisy, I hate!
I hate thy placid look of saintly greed
The greed that makes the poor more desolate
Through holy pelf and twisted churchly creed!

You seek our courts where victims stand in awe
Of Man's strange inhumanity to man;
Like Shylock, claiming fullness of the law,
And on thy victims scar eternal ban.

God pity him who worships at thy shrine
Hypocrisy, then robs the widows purse;
God pity him, who in thy cloak would shine,
Unmindful of deception's awful curse!

O Christ, what crimes are christened in thy name!
O Church, what guilty feet be-tread thy aisles!
How Judas' kiss betrays, devoid of shame,
And thy white soul of purity defiles!

THE RECOMPENSE OF FATE

I saw a gardener plant an apple tree
Beside his modest cottage, and for years
Returning saw it grow, but ne'er a bloom
Appeared to pay him for his cares.
But in the after-days, when he was gone,
And blossoms grew where he was laid
away;
The apple bloomed, and through the long
Spring morn,
Blessed cot and garden with its purple
spray.

THE PIONEERS

The great Middle-West, with its wonderful accomplishments, has left one task undone. It owes to the early pioneers a monument that will surpass anything of its kind in this country. The subject is so rich in historic and artistic material that such a memorial can be made one of the world wonders. It is time for the West to awake to this task and the following lines are suggested as a stimulus to this undertaking.

I

Loud went the call from the West through the leagues
 intervening,
And far went its echoing soul to the East, that was
 leaning,
With listening ear, to the sound. All the multitudes
 teeming
The cities and lands of the Dutch, the Pilgrim and
 Swede
Were eager to seek and to find by the trails that lead
 Across the line of the Blue Ridge hills
 A home secure from the taunting ills
Of cavil and cant and the aimless claims of creed.

II

From the witchcraft land of stern New England's
 making
Men turned their face to the West, whose hearts
 were aching
For the broader life on the wild, untrammelled
 plains.

From the Hudson vale, far South, through the land
 was planted
That liberty-love, which grew and urged and panted
For that wider sphere, where the soul could grow
 Unbound by a false creed's chains.

III

So, up from the peopled East, up from the colder
 shores
Gathered the yoeman hearts, with their scanty, hard-
 earned stores;
Valorous, strong and free, the pride of God and man,
These turned their faces Westward in many a caravan.
And as they went, leaving behind the safety of
 easier living,
Each knew, for a God-like cause, the best of his life
 was giving;
For the wild, wide sweep of the West, with its forests
 of unfelled trees
Called for the strongest hearts and the valor of
 Hercules.

IV

White trails through the roadless woods, they moved
 with the moving sun,
The frontier guard of pioneers, whose task was just
 begun;

White trails o'er the mountain height and into the
valleys dim
They went with the step of melody in Freedom's
unsung hymn.

V

In far Kentucky's valley, along the Ohio's stream,
And yon beside the Wabash, where Nature's glories
dream,
The fertile land is sleeping, but dangers are awake
While all the world is waiting to see a new dawn break:
For out of this unclaimed region, upon this deeper
soil
Must grow a tribe of yeomen, whose bravery and
whose toil
Will yield a race of broader men, broader in all things
best—
As the land of the East is narrow and wider the
virgin West!

Above the untouched forest curled many a cloud
of smoke,
In many a lonesome valley was heard the woodman's
stroke,
But ah! the tears, and ah! the fears and ah! the
weary wait
And ah! the aims that slowly died, hopeless and
desolate!

VI

We praise our gilded cities, we love our fields of
 clover,
We mark the glory of our West, with many a thrill
 of pride,
But not until fair History's page is full and flowing
 over
Shall we recount how many souls for this great end
 have died.
Their lowly graves are scattered beside each lonely
 hill,
Their manly hopes were shattered before they felt
 the thrill
That comes with vict'ry's blessing; and we are left
 to tell
The story of their valor and the task they did so well.

VII

Arouse, ye sons of yeomen, by hero sires begotten!
Arouse, to honor mothers, whose glory, unforgotten,
Spreads like a Summer flood of light o'er all the
 West to-day,
Come ye with willing hearts and hands one debt of
 love to pay!
 Like as their hopes were skyward bent,
 Like as their aim to God was lent,
 Like as their lives for ye were spent,
Come now and build their monument.

TIME'S DATELESS YEARS

A faded stone beside the sleepy Nile
Marks where a palace stood in ages gone.
There naught is left but desolation. Lone
And still the spot, save every little while
Is heard the groan of Egypt's crocodile
Where Pharaoh's glory once, unrivaled, shone.

A wind-swept Palm, living beyond its day,
Picture of grief, beside the river stands.
It watches there the constant moving sands
That through the torrid wastes forever play—
Mocking the gilded domes of yesterday,
Turning a kingly wealth to desert lands.
Time's dateless years know not of human aim.
Men build and reach for glory and for fame—
While stern oblivion wipes, with careless hands,
From polished stone the victor's gilded name.

A DAY ON THE FARM ONCE MORE

Oh! give me a day on the dear old farm once more,
One such as when a barefoot boy I strayed
Among the weeds and tangled clover tops
And listened to the ceaseless tunes there played
From every tree-top where the feathered throats
Sang ceaselessly, because the days were sweet.
And let it be a day in harvest time,
When every wind that swept across the field
Was perfume-laden and when twilight came,
Then all the glories of the Summer night revealed:
When every prayer was like a lover's song,
Because to live was love and love is prayer.

A SONG OF SCARLET

I

Reared in a world where poverty grew
Rank as the weeds in a summer field
She drank of the cup which criminals brew—
She felt the blows which the vicious wield,—
And yet, in spite of her world of sin,
She was passing fair in the eyes of men.

II

She took no note of the hasty years,
She scarcely knew when her womanhood
Outgrew the maid—save for the tears
That came when she turned to sin from good;
For the brute, called man, who had watched her
grow
Despoiled her life, so the world could know.

And the world—with its envious eyes of hate—
The world—with its holier self content—
Closed to her erring feet the gate
Of help—and wrought its punishment
Of scorn and scowl upon her head!
Far better the erring soul were dead!

Scarce two score years of toiling youth
Had flushed her locks of curly brown,
When in her soul the awful truth
Dawned full of the world's cold frown;
An outcast hence, in the dark was she
While quietly man, the man, went free!

Thus hedged around with fear and doubt
But one road called—the road of sin;
There pass within her gate—and out—
The false and guilty steps of men:
And as her charms wax full and strong
The woman sings this scarlet song:

III

“My art is old as the oldest age,
None know when it first began;
My lamps have burned in the hermitage
Of sin, since the birth of man.

I paint my face in the dusky light:
Then sit me down and wait,
For I know the brutes, called men, to-night
Will find the road to my gate.

I am older than sin—as old as crime—
These two came at my birth;
The world first heard my name in rhyme
And linked my smile with mirth.

The strongest men are weakest; and
I know my art so well
That I set my lamp in the window stand:
They know what I have to sell.

I can pitch my tent in the vilest street
Where feet are a-loth to go
Yet there will the wheels of travel meet
And the coin of many flow.

For each who comes I have a smile
Different, and clinging arms:
For each who goes, in a little while
I fill with Dread's alarms!

Over the road on which I've gone
Lie wrecks of a thousand lives,
I've dimmed the light, which brightly shone
From a thousand destinies.

They say my years are twenty and two
Though I've lived beyond fourscore;
In the art of life I've learned to brew
The cup which calls for more.

But ere a few more years decline
And my charms will cease to please
Lo! then I shall drink of the Lotus wine
And go where the grave shall ease;

For I'm not afraid of the fatal cup,
I have no fear of sin—
When my art has failed I shall gladly sup
With Death instead of men."

AT THE GATE OF DREAMS

Like idle children at the Gate of Dreams,
Piping the tunes we caught along the road
 Of half-forgotten days,
We sit with folded hands and watch the gleams
 Of light that fall on yet untrodden ways.

Each day we build new castles in the air
On ruins left from those of yesterday
 That fell ere half complete;
Each day comes promise of a land more fair
 And echoes of new songs more weird, more
 sweet.

Once more we live youth's lusty morn anew
Once more the sweet June roses scent the air
 Along the dusty way;
We count the past as real, the future true
 And speed the present for a happier day.

For Hope that springs eternal in the soul
Fills all the rugged way of human toil
 With silver-tinted gleams;
Gives every day new promise to unfold,
 And makes us children at the Gate of Dreams.

O PIONEERS!

Like idle dreamers in the sun
We sit and tell the deeds we've done.
Of peaceful victories we have won
Through the tread of silent years—
Yet never think of the brave who fought
On the outskirt-land, where the Indian sought
The lives of those who grimly wrought
For us, O Pioneers!

We sit in the halls of state and tell
Of laws we've made so strong and well—
But we nothing know of the awful hell
That followed the early years,
When you went out, through the valleys dim,
Singing a nation's birth-morn hymn,
Trusting your fate and your strength in Him
Who rules, O Pioneers!

You sleep in many an unmarked grave,
As sleep the loyal and the brave:
No marble lifts, your fame to save,
O Pioneers! O Pioneers!
Yet time shall hold your deeds of steel
Safe from oblivion's claim—and wield
For you a nation's deathless seal
Through a nation's grief and tears!

THE ABSENT FACES

In the crowded ways and along the market places,
Where Mammon walks, all hand-in-hand with Pride,
Upturned, I note, the plaintive, childish faces,
That touch and pass me on the Tumult's tide;
And there, along these life-invested places
I see my own—my absent children's faces.

THEN AND NOW

A country boy, barefooted, poor, alone,
Looked far across the Summer's golden day
Towards the city's pompous, busy way
Where wealth and splendor shone.
But he was poor, and every fierce desire
Was hushed.— And yet yon curling smoke
Within his soul Ambition's dream awoke
To set his heart afire.

The glad years sped; Ambition had her way:
The busy street gave him her wealth; and Fame
Showed him the heights, and there his shining name,
Written in gold, to live beyond his day.
But with it all the vale of childhood's joy,
The fragrant hills, the waving fields of June,
Were ever with him, whistling some old tune:
Somehow he longed once more to be a boy.

IN SOME SAD HOUR

In some sad hour I'll hold your Trembling hand
And plead the passing moments for delay,
When one of us must pass beyond the real
And one must stay.

It matters not to us which it shall be;
Who first shall tread alone the hidden ways;
But God be gentle in that lonely hour
To one who stays.

WHEN GOOD ST. PAUL WENT HOME

“Open the gates on the golden bar!
Open the welcome portals wide
To yonder traveler from afar——
Sin-scarred from the further side.”

Thus Gabriel's call from the outer wall
As he saw the weary steps of one
Approach; behold! the good St. Paul
Safe home with his work well done!

And out by the golden terrace there
And down by the fields of Asphodel
The sound of harp was everywhere
And trembling voices sought to tell
The coming of one, who long delayed,
Because of toil, yet who had sent
A host of souls to be arrayed
In heaven's immortal garnishment.

And when the pilgrim had entered in
And heard the song of the heavenly choir
Somehow, he wished for the world of sin,
For his soul was all on fire
To return once more to the place of men
New souls for God to win.

THE WINDOW OF SOULS



THE WINDOW OF SOULS

Three stories from every day Life, illustrating the
Power of Heredity and its influence on character.

I Beyond the Reach of Pride

II Magdalene

III After Many Years

HEREDITY

*Through open windows of her soul
I looked—and there, alas! to see
The taint of olden sins unfold—
The gift of blood to such as she.*

*A woman's heart was hers within
A woman's love, with pity bent
And yet the lure of father's sin
Was there to follow where she went.*

*If she should wear the scarlet gown
And walk the road where Folly dwells
Be mindful this: forget to frown
On one where blood forever tells.*



THE WINDOW OF SOULS

Real character can only be understood when seen through the window of one's soul. People walk through life from youth to old age, covered by a thin veneer of pretence and pass to honored graves.

The world is flooded with books, dealing in cheap society characters, silly conversation and people who know little and feel less. To paint life as it is characters must feel deeply and act from impulse—those who have gone into the depths and suffered. And to see them as they are we must view them through the windows of their souls.

This is the age of intolerance. Society shuns the unfortunate, our courts send them to wear prison stripes; neither considers the fact that we inherit all the weaknesses of our parents.

Modern society has forgotten the fact that the Master pardoned the scarlet woman, cried out against hypocrisy and told the thief on the cross: "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise."

In the following stories we look through the window of souls at each individual and see the powerful influence which Heredity exerts in the formation of character. Old as the subject is it is the most interesting question under discussion today. Characters are made or lost through the price of blood, no matter what part education and environment may have played in the life of the individual.

If civilization does anything for human uplift it should teach us the spirit of mercy toward the unfortunate. Yet, in spite of this, Shylock clamors more violently today for his pound of flesh than ever before in the world's history.

That those who read these stories will finish them with more charity in their souls is the sincere wish of the author.

BEYOND THE REACH OF PRIDE

I

Pride often acts as a mighty barrier to human happiness. It is an age-old instinct that leads unwary feet into tangled pathways. Its glittering promises blind the eyes so that wrong decisions are made and false steps are taken. "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall" is as true today as it was in the time of holy writ.

It is the story of a woman's life for whose undoing the spirit of Pride was responsible. It is the story of superhuman effort, limitless ambition and dismal failure. Not until the last barrier of pride was beaten down and she was left helpless would she accept the wonderful gift of Love, which made her pathway smooth.

II

The spring time had crept lightly up from the sunny South and painted the glory of her coming over the hills and valleys of northern New York. The rocky hedge rows were aglow with rhododendron and honeysuckle, in the valleys were acres of white and yellow daisies, while vines hung heavy with varied blossoms along every road and bridle path. The still June air was heavy with perfume and over the far-reaching landscape was that visible sense of beauty which only the hand of nature can paint.

Barton Strong, a money king of New York, was on his annual spring visit to his famous stock farm, near Norris Station. He was giving some final instructions to his manager, when he was approached by Aaron Greer, a nearby tenant. For years Greer

had held a grudge against Strong about a boundary fence. He approached the stock farm owner and his manager in an ugly mood and said:

"Mr. Strong, I have warned you before that your pasture fence must be moved, and I now give you notice that this must be done or you shall suffer the consequences."

"I have told you before, Mr. Greer," replied Strong "that the fence is on my own land and will not be moved. That is final and I do not want any more controversy about the matter. You understand that is final."

Greer's face showed all the pent-up anger of years—anger as the outgrowth of an imaginary wrong. He had schooled himself to hate Strong and on this morning that anger seemed to reach its climax. Where ignorance nurses an imaginary wrong for years it becomes an obsession and Greer's desire for vengeance prompted him to act then and there, but his courage failed him. Looking at Strong with his keen black eyes he said:

"All right. I take your word as final. Then look out and abide the consequences."

At these words he swung away down the road and soon disappeared in the distance.

"He's a bad customer," remarked the manager but Barton Strong dismissed the subject and proceeded with his final instructions about the farm and its management.

An hour later the New Yorker was on his way back to the city, enjoying the beauty of the landscape as his chauffeur drove leisurely along the winding roadway, unmindful of the warning of his disagreeable neighbor.

But Aaron Greer was not unmindful of the morning's happening. He had concealed himself in a

thicket of Alder trees near Norris Station and awaited the coming of his victim. Anger burned in his heart, so that he lost all control of himself. Vengeance was sweet as he saw the car approach—at last he would even differences with his hated neighbor.

Quickly two shots rang out. Strong dropped back with a dangerous wound in his left side and the driver's right arm fell limp from a bullet which pierced the elbow. Greer slipped away through the underbrush as the car came to a sudden stop.

The only witness to the tragedy was Jean Gray, eighteen, an orphan living with her uncle in the village. She rushed to the car. In a flash she saw the danger to the two men—then telling them she would summon a doctor the girl ran to the nearest telephone—one mile away. In half an hour medical help was there, but none too soon, for Strong was bleeding profusely and had lost consciousness.

The two men were quickly taken to the Gray home and given every attention which that humble abode could afford. The chauffeur was able to telephone Dr. Stoddard in New York—Barton Strong's physician and under his skillful care the man's life was saved.

In the meantime Jean Gray acted as nurse to the wounded man. She was a type of woman, somewhat to herself. Miss Gray came of an old, well known family, very proud and at one time wealthy. Her father had lost all in wild speculation and too proud to face his old friends in the city had moved to the country and died a disappointed man; leaving Jean, his only child, nothing, who was cared for by a poverty-stricken uncle and in a home exceedingly uncongenial.

In spite of her misfortunes Jean Gray lived in a world of dreams and was, in a way, happy. Like her father she was ambitious and every fibre of her nature thrilled with pride. Of course, her immediate

surroundings made her extremely dissatisfied at times, but her spirit arose above this and she lived in the future, to which she constantly looked with a calm assurance of success. Far away in that future she could see an admiring world at her feet as she became a star on the dramatic stage. She had nursed this feeling, lived it from day to day and never once doubted that success awaited her. It had never fully occurred to her just how she was to make her dreams come true, for her opportunities were so limited that not even an opening could she see. And yet these mighty obstacles never dampened her ambition. She read the best plays and acted parts in the seclusion of her bare room. Out in the lonely woods, when assured that no one was in sight, she learned to dance exceedingly well. Hers was a dream world, filled with all kinds of possibilities and she never for once lost faith in what the final outcome would be.

III

For three days after the shooting Barton Strong lay in a state of unconsciousness. He had lost so much blood that he was extremely weak. Fortunately the bullet which pierced his side and ranged exceedingly near the heart had passed on through and embedded itself in the back wood-work of the car. He was too weak to be moved and Jean had taken her regular turn as a nurse, along with the professional Dr. Stoddard had brought up from New York.

Coming out of unconsciousness often brings us into a new world, peopled with new beings, in whom we find a new interest. The awaking has something of the weird and mysterious about it, the realization of new surroundings, new faces, new impressions, something akin, I imagine, to that new life we shall enter, after this old existence is over. The feeling is not unlike the talking to people in our dreams.

Thus, on the third day, when Strong was aroused from his unconscious stupor, he looked about the bare little room in a sense of bewilderment. Sitting at his bedside was a woman, whose face, his quickened senses recognized, was the last one he saw before the tragedy. He looked at her tenderly and asked:

"Who are you?"

"I am Jean Gray, your nurse for the afternoon. But come, you must be quiet; you have been very ill."

He put out his hand and touched hers: "I remember now. Yours was the last face I saw before I felt this pain in my side. But where am I now?"

"You are in my home," she answered. "You were too ill to be taken to a hospital, so you must be quiet and remain here until you are strong again."

Whether it was love at first sight which smote him just before the bullet pierced near his heart, or the sight of the girlish face when the first moment of consciousness approached, matters not. It may have been the sight of her dark, dreamy eyes which left its imprint on his mind during the hours of stupor, or the beauty of her face as he looked at her there in the half darkened room; yet in that supreme moment, when he realized that the old sweet life had come back to him, Barton Strong felt and understood fully that a new personality had entered his world of romance.

IV

The weary weeks of recovery passed. The wound was a stubborn one and affected the heart to such extent that removal to the city could not be considered. The patient must remain until all danger was passed. And somehow the patient did not rebel against this decision.

Dr. Stoddard had told Strong that the heroic effort of Miss Gray to get aid quickly had saved his

life. Another five minutes of delay and he would have bled to death.

"You owe her a great debt, Strong, in fact, you owe your life to her," said Stoddard.

"She can have it if she wants it," Strong replied with a smile. At this the Doctor laughed for he had already seen enough to understand.

June had blossomed forth in all her glory. It was apple-blossom time at Norris Station and fortunate for this dear old world apple-blossom time is the same everywhere. The leaves have the same softness, the flowers are just as beautiful and the perfume is just as sweet. The buccaneering bees are just as busy in one place as another, the sun shines with the same softness and the love song of every bird is just as full of domestic joy. June is the same sweet June, whether it be in the palace garden, or in the oak-embowered yard of the Jean Gray home.

And Romance, too, plays his part with the same passionate fervor, whether it be among the rustle of silks, or where the hand of poverty has left its imprint.

Propped in an easy chair, under a spreading apple tree, on the lawn the convalescent Strong listened to Jean's reading of an old Grecian romance—a Greek play in which she was specially interested. But as the invalid listened he lost the thread of the story in the glory of the reader's eyes and voice.

The man had never loved before. Aside from a school-boy romance, women had never interested him, although he was near thirty. Therefore this new blaze which flamed up in his heart was all consuming in its intensity. It was like a tropical storm which breaks upon some lonely island with all consuming intensity. It swept away his ideals of the past. He, Barton Strong, a king among money-makers, a ruler of men and millions, strong-willed,

a leader where others followed, could not understand—could not comprehend what this new impulse in his soul meant. He was dazed at its mighty sweep over his destiny. He had come to look upon this thing which nearly cost him his life as the greatest blessing that had yet crossed his pathway. He even thought of the would-be assassin as his greatest benefactor. The tender voice and gentle ways of this almost common-place little woman had become the Cleopatra in his destiny. It was strange—all very strange—and yet he was very happy.

V

And thus as he sat there and listened to the story of some old romance from the musty annals of Greece he touched the arm of the reader and said:

"Let's forget the old romances of the Greeks, Miss Gray, and weave one of our own, one to our liking, as Omar would say."

"What do you mean, Mr. Strong?" she said in a woman-like way. For days Jean Gray had read the heart of her patient and knew perfectly well what he meant. Women are adepts in affairs of the heart. They read the first signs and quickly understand. Men are dull in this respect and act upon impulse.

He put out his hand to her. Skilled as he was in other things this man of the world was a child in the art of love-making.

"You must know what I mean—you must have read my heart. You are woman enough to understand. I love you."

"I am sorry you said that, Mr. Strong," she replied, half closing the book on her lap. "I have an ambition to accomplish something, to be somebody. I'm fully decided to try the stage."

"It's a long road and a hard one," he said. "Let me persuade you to give it up."

"Then I would give up the one bright dream of my life. That dream has always been with me—a part of myself. It has been my life—my all—for you can see I have nothing here."

Barton Strong already knew how strong-willed and determined she was. Perhaps that, and the seeming hopelessness of his plea made her words cut all the deeper in his soul.

"Don't you care for me?" he asked.

"Yes." And after a pause; "perhaps more than I could care for any other man, but remember I must be true to myself—I must, at least, try for a career."

"Then admit it's Pride that stands between us," the invalid said.

"Call it that if you wish, Mr. Strong, but I cannot give up the dream of my life, without at least making an effort. Someone must redeem our family failures."

"Then suppose I wait."

"We'll let it go at that, if you wish. But you will not wish me to fail, will you?"

"If I wish for myself, yes; if I wish for you, no."

"That is an evasive answer, Mr. Strong," she said with a somewhat cynical smile.

VI

The day of release finally came. Barton Strong had remained at the Gray home longer than was necessary. The old, oak shaded lawn had more charms for him than all the gaudy flare of Fifth Avenue. After all it is not the place, but the inhabitants thereof, which make a spot dear to our hearts. The inglenook is not the same unless the glow of the firelight shines upon a beloved face.

The patient had served the full term of a blessed imprisonment and the 12:30 train was to carry him back to the noisy bustle and heartlessness of Broadway and Wall Street. He had watched the last

twilight paint the mountain side in the west with tints of gold. The hermit Thrush had sung for him her last dawn's awakening melody. Lilac, rose and apple-blossom were to be left behind and with them the very soul of Barton Strong would stay. The fast express could carry his body back to New York, but the great, burning love of the man would remain at Norris Station.

As they were standing apart at the station, as all such lovers will on such an occasion, he turned to Jean and said:

"Better change your plans and make me happy, Jean. I'll come for you any time you say."

"I thought we settled that yesterday, Mr. Strong. Perhaps, some day, but for the present you must wait. Wait until my dream comes true."

Express trains are cruel-hearted beings. They snatch away so quickly the things we treasure so dearly and ere we realize what has happened the thing we love so well is gone—gone and we know not how far away—nor yet for how long.

As Jean Gray watched the 12:30 whisk away from Norris Station amid a cloud of smoke, she felt that something had been taken out of her life. The old pride and the old ambitions were still there, yet something was missing.

Again the old, old story of human unrest—pride undoing the things which Love would do and leaving a woman's soul stranded in despair.

She had given up the sweetest thing that could have come into her existence and in its place had chosen the uneven road to which the finger of Pride had pointed.

FROM BLUE HILLS TO BROADWAY

I

Summer came to a dull ending at Norris Station. Late August touched the chestnut trees with her gaudiest colors and made of the vast oak forests one mighty flame of red. Cedar and pine and hemlock alone stood unchanged by the passing seasons. Across the sedgy hillsides were straggling rows of sumac like a loosely drawn ribbon of fire. Golden-rod nodded in the first breezes which blew in from the north.

While convalescing under the care of Jean Gray, Strong had given her a letter to a theatrical manager in New York, although he hoped that she would soon be disgusted with the stage, give it up and marry him. Just before she left for the big city a letter came from Strong saying he was called to London on important business, but hoped to see her in New York on his return.

This letter was both a disappointment and a joy to Jean Gray. Two elements were at work in her soul—the womanly, natural instinct to smother her ambitions, abandon a career and marry the man whom she really loved, but which fact she was afraid to admit, even to herself. The other was that his absence from the city would make her more dependent upon her own efforts and thus hasten the success she so much craved.

An offer of marriage came to Jean Gray, but Pride, Ambition, desire for a career, stood up and said, "No." It was not the woman speaking—but her natural impulse was to marry—but that artificial age in which she lived said "wait."

The woman "waits." She struggles against all kinds of odds in the cruel street called "Trade," she grows old; the man who would have made her happy seeks and finds a wife elsewhere and his first love is left alone, amid failure, gray hair and hastening years—to bemoan the day when she rebelled against the call of "motherhood."

Nature has her fixed laws which all the civilization of the ages cannot alter. Woman's natural instinct is a clinging love for man, a looking up to him as her protector, a love for children and a place called "Home." No civilization that ever will be devised can rob her of these attributes.

II

It is a long call from a country wayside station to Broadway. One leaves behind serenity and peace—maybe content—and emerges into a whirlpool of strange activities. Once on that busy thoroughfare, amid millions of strange and indifferent faces, Jean Gray's courage seemed to desert her. Here was the life of which she had no conception. Before her eyes Pride was on parade. Ambition, too, brushed haughtily by. In a thousand faces she saw the finger prints of failure. Wistful looks told her of bleeding hearts within, stabbed by the dagger of disappointment. In the lower strata were the derelicts of every craft that had tried the uncertain seas of life. Over and above all wealth cast its deadening and discouraging shadow.

What a speck she seemed in this procession of the world's great circus. For the first time she realized how hopeless seemed the climb before her.

With her small means Jean found a little bed-room in a crowded boarding house at twice the cost she had expected to pay. That night was her garden in Gethesemane. Unacquainted, she went early to her

room but not to sleep. Somehow the old home, even with its uncongenial atmosphere, seemed like a palace in the far away distance. Homesick and weeping she once thought of returning the next day, but Pride stood before her and whispered "No."

The next day she called on the producer, to whom she had a letter. A cold, keen eyed man met her. But for the letter she never would have gotten in. "Yes, Mr. Strong was his friend, Mr. Strong had gone abroad, but what could she do?"

She told him of her studies, her ambition and pleaded to be given a try-out.

There was a long list ahead, the manager told her, but on Mr. Strong's account she would have a trial.

By the end of the week Jean Gray had landed in the chorus and after all the clouds did not seem to hang so low.

III

In the average small town gossip travels on the fleetest wings. Further, it thrives more in the village than in the city. Idleness is gossip's mother and right well she brings up her children. People who are busy have no time to investigate the affairs of others.

In every village there is a gossip-monger, a character that stands alone in the community. He is despised on account of his or her occupation, yet much sought after by those who become hungry for something to tell. This character is unique. He can ruin more reputations and besmirch more characters than all the red light districts of the world. He is usually an idler, without any visible means of support, but somehow he goes on from year to year, without a worry or an ambition. Consult him in the back lot or in some lonely corner around the post office and he can put you wise about the private affairs of almost every man or woman in town. He is

a generous individual, charging no fee for imparting his fund of private information. The fact is he is a born gossip, and like the poet or sculptor he loves his work. He deals in social scandal, not only imparting what he has heard or knows, but even manufactures much to add to his stock in trade.

Sam Phillips had held this position at Norris Station for over 30 years and no one dared to dispute his right to the place. His whiskers were allowed to grow in wild profusion, now much stained by exuding tobacco juice. How long he had worn his present suit of clothes no one could recall. In the past ten years he had worn out not less than ten good pocket knives and had whittled up more than a car load of perfectly good timber—mostly from white pine packing boxes which he recruited from the back lot of the town drug store.

The most important event in Sam's daily routine was to meet the 12:30 train. Here he recruited his stock of gossip, which often ran very low. He thus knew who came and who went and usually found out the intent of their errands.

Other people's business was Sam's business. He would also meet the night train, but unfortunately for him that one passed about mid-night, an arrangement about which he complained bitterly. He once wrote the railroad company to change its schedule, but it seems his letter was not approved as he never had a reply to his request.

John Alston was the town recorder, a man of some education and character and he made it a part of his business to suppress, as far as he could, gossip and lawlessness in the little town in which he took considerable interest and in which he was, perhaps, the most conspicuous figure.

IV

It was late in September, an ideal day and a considerable number of village dwellers were at the depot to see the arrival of the noon train. Phillips was at his post, as usual, sitting on a truck at the baggage end of the station, busily whittling away at a new piece of white pine board. Alston had approached him and remarked:—

“You missed the 12:30 yesterday, Sam, what was the matter? Important business, I suppose?”

“Yes, in a way,” the gossip replied. “I was in an argument up town with Jack Sloan about prohibition and when I got in sight of the station she was pulling out.”

“Great pity,” remarked, Alston, “also very strange, for a gentleman of leisure like you is as regular as an eight day clock.”

Phillips was hardened to sarcasm and the “gentleman of leisure” remark made no impression on him whatever.

There was a long pause during which Phillips squirted a good deal of tobacco on the pavement, getting ready for something important, as Alston knew.

Finally redoubling his whittling operations, which was always a sign of a new break along some line, he said:

“John, I hear’n that Jean Gray has gone down to New York to become a coarse woman.”

Alston:—“What’s that you say?”

Phillips:—“I said I hear’n that Jean Gray has gone to New York to become a coarse woman—they kind that picks men on the street.”

Alston grasped the speaker by the collar and shook him unmercifully. Then in a fit of rage he said:—

“You look here, Sam Phillips. You have less sense

than any man I ever knew. Have you told that to any one else?"

Phillips:—"No, just heard it."

Alston:—"Then for God's sake keep your mouth shut, or I'll have you locked up. Miss Gray has gone to New York to act in the theatre as a chorus girl. She is to dance on the stage—not the kind of women you are thinking about."

Phillips:—"Oh! you mean them kind that dance in the front row on the stage and kick at men and wink at 'em."

Alston:—"I mean that Miss Gray is in the chorus and dances on the stage."

Phillips:—"Well, I seed 'em once in Buffalo and the way they looked and kicked at me I don't see much difference from what I first said. If they don't get you one way they can get you the other."

Alston:—"That's enough. No more if you please. And now listen, if I hear that you have repeated this thing anywhere in Norris Station, the lock-up will have a new tenant mighty soon, and the position of town gossip will be vacant."

The roar of the 12:30 thundering on its way to the great city, ended the colloquy. After it had gone the listless crowd dispersed in various directions, restless as to how they should fill in the time of the long September afternoon.

WHEN THE LIGHT WENT OUT

I

Late in November Jean Gray had been disillusioned. The bubble had burst, the castle in Spain had fallen—the coveted crown of fame had failed to come her way.

Yet that is but the penalty of youth and ambition. When the blood runs red in the veins, before age has weakened its strength, all things seem possible. Experience alone can correct our immature aims and teach us the great lesson of life and of living.

As a room-mate Jean had a girl from the west, one ten years her senior—who was leader of the chorus and who had gone through all the disappointments of theatrical life. This girl was Winnie Yates and while the two were far apart in temperament and outlook upon life, there was something in common between them, which had made them close friends.

In going through her trunk that evening she found, by chance, a verse of poetry which Barton Strong had given her on the day they parted. The girl was terribly depressed, seeing no chance for an immediate advance, and for the first time she told Miss Yates the story of her romance, of how Strong wanted to marry her and of her refusal.

"You are very foolish Jean," her friend remarked, "and if I were in your place I would call him now and give him the reply he no doubt wants."

"No, I cannot do that," she said. "Furthermore, he is most likely still abroad. But even if he is here, I could not do that—it would be a confession of failure. Only those who have stood face to face with failure can understand what a terrible ordeal it is. It is a moment of supreme test—a test which tries the bitterness of the soul, face to face with undoing."

"My dear girl," said Miss Yates, "I've stood face to face with failure many, many times since going into this business. But why did he give you that poem?"

"I do not know unless he knew I would fail—would become discouraged and would remember him when that time came."

"That was his game," said Miss Yates, who knew all the ins and outs of stage life, "and you are very foolish if you let this wonderful opportunity pass. The man is only waiting until you have your tryout and fail, as so many of us do. Take my advice and take Mr. Strong at his word."

II

But Jean Gray was not the kind of woman to fall so quickly. She was made of different material and would not surrender. It was at this point when that old inherited pride rose up in her soul and commanded her to go on. It was then she remembered her father whom she had loved with all the tenderness of a great heart. He had refused, on account of pride, to remain in the city where he had failed and had spent his last years in the loneliness of the country. No, she could not now turn back. She could not face the people in the little gossipy village and outwardly confess to them her failure. That would be humiliation more than she could bear.

During the period of stress, when the meagre pay was scarcely enough to meet her actual needs a reputed rich wall street broker had met her through some of her chorus companions, a Mr. Harry Oldys. This man haunted the stage door entrance and showered her with flowers and rather intruded his attentions upon her. He was good looking, well dressed, fairly well educated and outwardly seemed a gentleman.

For weeks she refused all of his attentions. Always

she had an excuse, but the man was not easily discouraged. He persisted.

Say not, ye skeptical, that woman is frail, but when hunger weakens her vitals and lays its finger prints upon her face make allowance for all her frailties.

She had reached the point where physical necessity played its part and finally she accepted his oft repeated invitation to dinner.

Once the die was cast the road seemed smooth. It is always so. In taking this step she had committed no sin and yet she felt inwardly that the old sense of innocence had gone away from her. She was not Jean Gray any more. She was some one else—just like the others with whom she danced in the chorus. Not that she felt better than they, but she had nursed an old formula of straightforward living which caused her a sense of pain when she surrendered.

After this first step there were many dinners. Life took on a brighter aspect—a new glamour. Instead of spending time in her lonely room there was music, gayety, life and a rosy atmosphere. Strange how quickly we forget—what little things change our whole outlook upon life.

Presently Gossip said: "Jean Gray has caught the rich wall streeter." She became the envy of those who touched elbows with her in the dance. She was the fortunate one.

Oldys pleaded with her to marry him, but to her this seemed unthinkable. He was fifteen years her senior—had everything that could make life easy for her and yet this whisp of a girl, just eighteen, full of ambition and pride was not to be so easily turned from the work she had chosen. There was character back of all her actions and high aims which could see beyond the flimsy glamour of Broadway life. Even the vast wealth which Oldys was reputed to have could not turn her head, so long as she had a chance. And her

forty dollars per week gave her only enough to pay her weekly board bill and her rent and leave but a few dollars for clothes and other necessities.

III

In January the show went broke. Necessities had compelled her to spend every cent and she was left stranded, like so many others.

After all she had passed through Jean Gray felt that the crisis had finally come. Somehow she had had a premonition that something like this would happen. And yet she never dreamed it would come so suddenly and leave her so completely bankrupt.

Again her thoughts turned to Strong. Must she telephone him? She knew how gladly he would help her—how he would even take her out of this life which had become such a failure and with which she was now perfectly disgusted. She even looked in the telephone book and saw his office number.

But no. She could suffer physical pain, she could want for food and clothes, but Jean Gray could not confess to Barton Strong that she was down and out. Better go back to the humiliation of Norris Station, with all the disgrace that meant. But call Mr. Strong and confess that she had failed? Never!

It was at this moment that the woman in her rose up again. Why had she not listened to him at first—listened to the womanly instinct—the call of the ingle-nook—the evening firelight—the prattle of children's voices and all the glory which comes with domestic felicity? These things she had spurned, cast aside, rejected and in their place taken—what? The deadly comparison smote her unmercifully. Self condemnation always strikes with a merciless hand. In her case it seemed more than she could bear.

But now there was no time for indecision. She must act and act quickly. The great city is merciless. It is

cruel. It has no sympathy. So long as money lasts, so long as bills are paid it pats you on the shoulder, it smiles and compliments. But when Want becomes your comrade, when Poverty walks arm in arm with you, then the face of the great city changes from a smile to a frown.

IV

After the crash came in the financial affairs of the simple little life of Jean Gray she became unusually serious. She realized that something must be done and done quickly. The condition of her pocket book demanded immediate action. There could be no delay.

Winnie Yates, who on account of her long connection with the stage, soon found another place and in the meantime helped her friend with a small loan.

"Call up your Strong man," she said. "Tell him to come on, bring a parson and put you on your feet in a Riverside apartment,"

"Nothing like that for me," replied Jean. "Furthermore, Mr. Strong is still abroad and I cannot spare the price of a cable."

"I'll loan you the cost of a cable message," said Miss Yates "and charge Mr. Strong a big premium for helping him get the wife he wants. It will come pretty high, but he will gladly pay."

"That's kind," said the chorus singer. "But I just cannot do it. It is just beyond my sense of what is right."

Harry Oldys, of course, pressed his suit with new vigor. "Don't think I take advantage of the situation," he said. "But I've wanted to marry you, as you know, from the first night I heard you sing—and more so now than ever before. Your ambition is laudable, your courage wonderful, but why not give up this endless toil, with its meagre pay and live the life of ease I offer you."

That night Jean Gray settled the matter for herself in the loneliness of her little room on the second floor back. It was a mighty struggle for this lonely slender little woman. To make the decision she had to sacrifice her most cherished ideals. The idols she esteemed most had all to be broken. The romantic dreams of an unhappy girlhood must all be thrown to the winds. Ambitions she had nursed so long must now be abandoned. All of her plans for a name and a career had to go at once. Fate had crossed her pathway and left her helpless.

Then came the change from poverty to wealth as suddenly as had come the unexpected announcement that left her without work. The marriage was not long delayed and soon Jean Gray of Norris Station, late of a Broadway chorus, was quickly installed in one of the finest apartments on Riverside Drive.

For weeks she lived. Night after night there were gay parties. True to old friends, Jean insisted on entertaining her girl friends of the chorus. These parties made her most popular with those with whom she had shared the bread of poverty. She was toasted and praised and loved.

There were maids to do her bidding. There was a chauffeur at her beck and call. The old worn dresses were cast aside for the most expensive Fifth Avenue could furnish. She had arisen, as if by Alladin touch, from pauper to princess. She was no longer Jean Gray of Norris Station, but queen in a home of mighty wealth.

So long as the lights were bright, so long as laughter echoed in the gilded rooms, so long as the brimming glasses tinkled, she was happy. Light and laughter and smiles crowded out recollection and the hours sped merrily on.

But when the lights were turned out, when the calmness of night stilled the noises of the street—when

memory withdrew the curtain from the face of recollection and left her all alone—then an old regret, a hunger, gnawed at her very soul. Jean Gray had sold herself for this. She was guilty. Innocence had been bartered in the market place for the gaudy tinsel of this artificial life.

A BLACK FRIDAY IN WALL STREET

I

In that forest of tall buildings on the lower end of Manhattan Island life flows at a pace from day to day as nowhere else in the world. The day is short in hours, but long in fortunes made or lost.

There is a sinister silence about the streets, serious looks on the faces you pass, but a quick movement in every step.

The great piles of stone and steel which arise skyward house thousands of rapid thinking and calculating brains. At the head of the king of these winding streets stands the upward pointing spire of old Trinity—a building seemingly out of place amid this modern Babylon of financial palaces.

Here fortunes are made or lost daily. Here friendships are betrayed, millions turned from the debit or credit side of the ledger and men who begin the morning with plenty often close the afternoon with every penny swept away.

There is a tenseness in the atmosphere, in the movements and the looks of the people you pass—a tenseness in everything that leaves an indelible impression.

Those who "trade" in this most wonderful street in the world are powerfully influenced by superstition. They catch feverishly at every straw which shows the direction of the financial wind. Why men who deal on a large scale should be thus influenced has never been understood, but it is nevertheless a fact.

Two weeks after Harry Oldys was married there hovered about Wall Street some sinister influence, the impression that a panic was brewing. There was a premonition that something unusual was about to take

place. It was not unlike the coming of a great equinoctial storm in the tropics, which the natives understand and which makes them restless.

On Friday, following his marriage two weeks before, Oldys was a heavy buyer of a certain kind of popular stocks. The Exchange opened without any unusual excitement, but only remained so for a short time.

After an hour men who had known the strain of excitement for years, became suddenly nervous. Hitherto cold, calculating faces grew pallid with the fear of impending evil. This sinister influence prevailed the entire Exchange, yet no one could explain it or give any reason for its existence. There was a loss of confidence, the fear of financial ruin.

This impression broke like a storm in a few minutes upon a multitude of financial leaders—a thing which had happened only a few times on such a scale, in the history of the Street.

In less than half an hour pandemonium swept everything before it. Here a man of sixty saw the millions of a lifetime swept away from him. Over there a younger member watched his fortune go:—a beautiful country home as well as a city palace. And still another realized within a few minutes that a vast estate, left to him had disappeared like a passing breeze.

II

The delirium of panic and fear passed. The ruffled sea of agitated souls calmed down, but not until untold losses had been sustained.

These losses left men ruined and in a bad humor. When the Exchange closed and Oldys realized that everything he possessed was gone, he went to his office in a most undecided frame of mind. Financial ruin drives men to all kinds of whims. Some of them hunt

revenge, others try suicide, while a few buck up and endeavor to recoup their losses.

When Harry Oldys left the Exchange he was dazed and had no fixed idea as to what he would do. He was in an ugly mood and unfortunately found waiting for him in his office Blake Cornell, also a loser in the day's cleanup. Cornell had come to collect a claim over which there was a dispute. It was no time for such a transaction.

After a few hot words the men standing on opposite sides of the heavy table in the centre of the room, scowled at each other like enraged animals. Wild epithets flew from one to the other. Alone, in the richly furnished office they fought in desperate rage, over-turning chairs and tables in the general melee.

Finally, breaking away from his antagonist Cornell drew his pistol, fired and Oldys fell dead on the richly carpeted floor.

Then, in desperation over the day's losses, and with this new tragedy added to his misfortunes, Cornell turned the revolver to his temple and quickly ended his own life.

Death looks upon these playthings of a day
Aged wisdom in his heart,
Noting how men with Tragedy will play
As toys which soon depart.

There was a hasty gathering of financiers in the little office where the tragedy of Black Friday had been enacted. The news flew swiftly and soon brought its crowd of the curious. Many there came who had profited by the day's turn and these looked at the two dead men with a kind of sentimental pity.

"What a foolish thing to do," they whispered one to another, "why not buck-up and make the money back, recoupe, start over again."

Very nice philosophy that—but put yourself in the dead man's place. Who helps "the down and out?" The "Street" knows no pity, it has no soul, it is cold, calculating and forever looking out for "myself." There may be little excuse for suicide, for murder, but the two men lying there cold in death had passed beyond the gates of "worry." An aged trader, as he left the room and understood the nature of their losses whispered to his comrade: "Fortunate for both; at last they have reached anchorage in a safe harbor."

III

When Fortune passed and down the roadway went,
Taking her jeweled things and bags of gold
The skies above with mist and clouds were blent:
For without these she knew a life was sold.

The few weeks of married "existence" had somewhat hardened the heart of Jean Oldys. Fortune had played her false, Fortune had not given her a fair chance—inwardly she was bitter toward the world.

And rightly the girl argued: "She had been left without parental help. Inheritance had bequeathed to her a burning ambition to accomplish, but denied her the means wherein to do the things to which she aspired. She possessed the natural talent, but what can talent do if buried in an unsympathetic country village. She had staked her all, taken the few dollars she had saved and risked a try-out on the stage. Even before she could get a fair start her little money was spent, the show failed and the girl was left stranded."

And yet, after she had married Harry Oldys this sensitive girl felt many a time that her theatrical failure was not half so disastrous as her matrimonial adventure. The latter was something which Fate had forced upon her. Her stage failure was honest, she

had done the best she could, but misfortune overtook her and demanded that she abandon the idea of a career. She looked upon her marriage as dishonest—an act unjust both to herself and to her husband. She could not get away from this impression. True, she had told Oldys she did not love him, but would try to. Still that did not settle her account with life and she was unhappy.

Most women on the stage would say that Jean Oldys was fortunate to the last degree. Not thus she. Even amid the wealth of her apartment deep down in her heart there was a resentment at what she termed her “failure.”

IV

On the Black Friday afternoon when Harry Oldys was killed, his wife was at a matinee on Broadway. Driving home afterwards she bought an afternoon paper at her door and hurried up stairs. After taking off her things she opened the paper and was amazed to read across the page: “Harry Oldys and friend both killed in a double tragedy.”

Following this was a full account of the panic in Wall Street, how both men had lost their fortunes and the shooting which followed the resultant quarrel.

For the first time since she had met Oldys a kindly feeling for him seemed to take possession of her. Tears came into her eyes and the man whom she had married for convenience appeared in a different light. He had been kind, considerate and attentive and while she had not been happy, somehow his help seemed to have tided her over a part of her career in a way which endeared his memory to her. After her professional failure this man had come at an opportune moment and placed all he had at her feet.

Now he was gone and with him had flown the millions which he was supposed to possess. Thoughts came to the little woman in rapid succession as she sat

there and tried to unravel what this all meant. The newspaper account had given a full history of her husband's losses during the panic and she quickly saw that she was back again where she started.

The two months which followed wrought havoc in the life of this brave little woman.

She had long been somewhat inclined to a faith in predestination—now she became a convert.

There was a mysterious influence which seemed to thwart her every effort—so why attempt further. At last she faced an impenetrable wall.

In a few days she discovered that not only had the Wall Street crash taken all of her husband's securities, but that every piece of furniture in the apartment was covered by mortgage or claims of some kind.

First was a warrant for her expensive automobile, which was taken away under foreclosure proceedings.

Then the Persian rugs and furniture were attached to satisfy some old debts.

Finally came the delayed rent bills, which she could not pay. Alone with the officer of the law she pleaded—but the law is relentless and has no soul.

Bankrupt of everything there was nothing left but to admit defeat—acknowledge the breaking down of a proud heart and take up life anew—but where and how?

And yet a brave woman's resources are limitless. She will make a dozen new attempts and fight a score of battles while a man will allow himself to find a gutter.

Thus in desperation Jean Gray Oldys donned her cheap widow's weeds—she could afford no other kind—and went out in search of work.

How the world frowns upon one looking even for honest toil. The door will scarcely open, the reception is cold and the interview as brief as possible. The task of "work hunting" is the most painful of all

occupations. The slam of the door carries something akin to personal reproach. One becomes timid, skeptical and desperate. Each refusal makes the next approach all the harder. It is the bitterest of human experiences.

For two days she went from place to place. Nowhere could she find an opening. On the third day, when hope was at its lowest ebb she found a position as waitress in what seemed a respectable theatrical boarding house.

LOVE FOUND ITS OWN

I

While personal history was so busy in the making in the life of Jean Gray, Barton Strong had been kept in London on long drawn out business.

There were many meetings with prominent business men, made necessary to protect his large investments abroad. Many important contracts had to be drawn up and signed so as to tide over a period of years. He was compelled to visit a number of manufacturing centers so as to satisfy himself about loans which he was almost forced to make in order to protect the interest in these factories which he already held. The work was slow, tedious and trying, but in the early spring he began to see the end of his visit and the closing up of his last contract.

Before leaving Norris Station his benefactress insisted that he write her no letters. It was not that she objected to hearing from him, but in making the request she had in mind the fact that any kind of correspondence might interfere with the theatrical work into which she was putting her utmost effort.

In April Strong landed in New York. The thing which sweetened his home-coming most was the thought of seeing that slender slip of a girl, not because she had saved his life but for that biggest of all reasons—he loved her. During all of his stay abroad she had been uppermost in his thoughts. Never a day passed but he thought of her and loved her more. It was the case of a man of the world who had worshipped money through the moulding period of youth, avoiding the touch of love—but when Jean Gray came into the range of his vision all the pent up and

neglected adoration for women burst upon him with redoubled force. It was not a case of idle fancy, to live for a day and fade, but a devotion which fixed itself in his life and made him the slave of one woman. Thus, through the long months of their separation there was no lessening of his devotion—the flame burned with all the steadiness it possessed on the day he said: “I love you.”

After his arrival Strong took up some of his most important business and hurried through it as quickly as possible. Of course his long absence made much business urgent and yet he was soon ready for the task which appealed to him most.

II

But the task was not an easy one. Strong first called on the manager to whom he had given Jean a letter. The manager was enthused to see him and wanted to ask all kinds of questions about Europe. The manager hardly remembered—yes, he did recall—he had given Miss Gray a place in the chorus, but business had been bad. No, she did not advance—she had very little chance, as the show was taken off in January and since then he had not heard anything about her. It was cruel of Strong—and he felt guilty, but somehow he could not help smiling in his heart that she had evidently made no other headway. If she had failed then he had a chance. Her failure might mean his success. It was a dreadful confession he made to himself, yet he could not help being honest. If her ambitions fell down then, perhaps, she would listen to him. It was the only way he could win. Success on the stage would have meant failure of all his plans.

Just as he was about to leave the manager's office that august individual seemed to recall to mind just who Jane Gray was.

"Wait a minute, sit down," he called to Strong. "I had almost forgotten. Miss Gray was with us until the show went under. Then I lost sight of her. Finally it seems she married that man Oldys, who used to be a regular Johnny about the stage entrance. Oldys was supposed to be rich—a wall street plunger, one of the kind who can never be rated in Bradstreet or Dun. We had a regular Black Friday here since you left and hundreds who were reputed rich were scalped in the professional scramble. Oldys got in a hot argument down in the street and was killed—the other man also shooting himself. I think they had been married only a few weeks, but she did not come back and I have not heard of her since. Strange you did not hear about the shooting—it was the sensation here."

How calmly the manager spoke of her marriage, while Strong was put to a severe test in controlling his feelings. Within him boiled a wild desire to know where she was and what she was doing. Suddenly he became anxious to go. Then thanking the manager for his courtesy he went out to take up what seemed almost a hopeless task.

III

A great city is the most secure hiding place in the world. The greater the crowds the more difficult it is to be found. When Strong began his search for Jean Oldys he knew all the difficulties which faced him.

First he interviewed an old newspaper friend and found out all the details about Oldys, his murder and his financial failure. A telephone message to her old home brought no news, save that she was still working in New York. The girl evidently kept in touch with her home, but no doubt was too proud to give any details of the tragedy which had come into her life—her failure on the stage, her marriage to save her the

humiliation of returning home and her final coming down to the humble position of a waitress. Strong could read through it all the very course this little woman would take as misfortune dogged her footsteps.

First he went from one theatrical booking agency to another. Nowhere was her name to be found on the records. But theatrical people had a way of wearing any kind of name and he knew this. As likely as not she was working under some other name.

Then he took up the task of attending all the shows, getting as near the stage as possible, to make sure of finding her. He scanned the face of every actress, but alas! the one face he wanted was not to be found.

The man became hopeless. Was it possible that the one woman he loved in all the world was not to be found? He even thought of going to other cities and keeping up the search among stage folks, but that seemed entirely too hopeless and he abandoned the idea.

IV

Finally Barton Strong had taken apartments in the lower forties, near Fifth Avenue, where he now made his home.

One morning he had slept late. Discouraged, for once in his life this methodical and practical man, was nervous and filled with indecision. Coming down on the street he noticed a respectable looking breakfast room nearby and hastened into it for his coffee and rolls.

He took a small table near a window and was glancing over the morning paper which was held up in such a way as to conceal his face, as he hurried over the financial page. A maid approached to take his order and as he looked up, as if coming out of the dim past, there stood before him Jean Oldys, in her immaculate serving dress.

Both faces met and were recognized at the same moment.

She quickly drew back and tried to leave the room, but he caught her arm and said:—

“Dear Jean, I have heard all. The manager has told me, but I did not know it was as bad as this.”

V

Time heals old scars with surprising quickness. Out of the depths we arise to heights we never thought we could reach. Nature is the great physician and this healing process is a part of her wonderful work in human souls as well as in the valley, the fields, and the silent woods. When the mid-winter wind blows along the hillside, driving the stubble of decayed weeds before it, it seems as if all vegetation is dead for all time. Yet in a few months the silver rains of April fall, the glowing sunshine warms the soil and soon every blossom finds its place again above the sodden ground.

The process of healing goes on constantly. The sturdy oak covers up the ugly cut received when it was young and hides beneath its bark the inward wound. A profusion of spring blossoms flourishes over the wreck made by the winter winds.

A great misfortune overtakes us. No way of escape seems left. We weep in silence and feel that the mortal wound can never heal. The weeks come and go and after awhile laughter takes the place of a down-cast face. Slowly the old hurt becomes less painful and in a short time even the memory of it is lost. Time is good to the unfortunate.

Heredity likewise loses its powerful influence in our human experience. This, however, is the strongest element in our make-up to overcome. Getting away from its influence to many is almost impossible. In the case of Jean Gray it set its mark upon her life with an indel-

ible force. The blood of her father flowed powerfully through her own veins. Pride held her as no other influence. Like her ancestor, also ambition was hard to conquer. It was a part of her nature. When the man offered her his hand and heart the womanly instinct within bade her "accept." There was peace, content, home, the ingle-nook of domestic glory and most of all there was Love, which never for a moment she doubted. But her ambition stood in the way and more than that the old instinct of pride which the unfortunate father had bequeathed her. These things held her aloof from accepting happiness, which could have been hers for the taking.

Fortunately it is difficult, a difficult thing to run amuck of nature. Whoever chooses that course must pay the price of obstinacy and God knows Jean Gray had paid dearly for the course she had taken. Misfortunes came thick and fast. Her suffering went to the uttermost and when the uttermost had been reached she was fortunate enough to have the man who loved her come with a renewal offer of his love.

VI

A year from the time Barton Strong had found Jean Oldys serving in a boarding house—with all the humiliation that meant to her—these two children of Fate were standing on the railroad platform at Norris Station, waiting for the 12:30 train to carry them away on their wedding journey. During all the intervening months the man had never wavered a moment in his love and devotion for her. Since the day he recovered consciousness in her home and saw her watching at his bedside his fixed idea was to marry her some day and he never once doubted that sooner or later she would accept his offer.

As the train was heard approaching in the distance she looked up to him and said:—

"After all this is the first day in my life when, somehow, I feel sure of myself."

To which he quickly replied: "Because this is the first day that puts you beyond the reach of pride."

MAGDALENE

*My art is old as the oldest age—
None know when it first began,
My lamps have burned in the hermitage
Of sin, since the birth of man.*

A story of the Christ time—and of characters brought from history's early pages—before the advent of modern science and modern luxury—and yet the motives underlying and impelling the actions of its peoples are the same as today.

Out of the "Stony Desert" came a rude character whose soul was fired with religious enthusiasm, the influence of which was so strongly stamped upon his only child that after she had sinned away her early womanhood, the father's zeal for good made her a convert to the teachings of the great Master, who then walked upon the earth.

Interwoven through this story of hereditary influence is the old, old mystery of Love, which, after all, is the basis of everything good in human activities.

FROM DESERT DUST TO CITY STAIN

I

A long caravan of Syrian Traders winds slowly across the desert sands toward Jerusalem. It was customary for travelers in the early Christian era to make their trips in as large groups as possible for mutual protection from outlaws which infested the holy land and its adjacent territory.

On this particular occasion, seen from a distance, this caravan looked like a strand of mottled ribbon, lying across the white sands of the desert. In the make up of its personelle were all classes—the good, the bad, the indifferent—all travelling *en masse*, not from any friendly motive, but purely as a matter of self-protection. In this polyglot mixture were the rich, the poor, the innocent, the bandit and the religious enthusiast. Self protection and self preservation was the only tie which bound the multitude together.

Each night a camp was formed, circular in shape, the weary camels forming the outer rim, inside were the camp-fires, rude tents and the sleeping places for the party.

Under the white starlight of the desert a few were required to remain on watch during the long night as protection from marauding parties of bandits which infested all parts of that unfortunate country.

On this afternoon, in the year 22 A. D. the party had hoped to reach the holy city but the distance was deceptive. A last camp was therefore laid and the weary travelers made ready for the night just as the sun was going down over the dead sea.

In the party was Joel Akker, his wife and ten year old daughter Magdalene. They came from a part of Syria known as the "Stony Desert," one of the most

hopeless sections in all of that hopeless country. For years Akker had tried to support his little family, but nature was so grudging—so ungenerous among the white sands of his home, that he had decided to leave the desert and try his fortunes, as a trader, in the city.

What little he possessed was packed in a few baskets, which his one poor camel carried. Akker was deeply religious and was trusting in his God, linked with his religious fervor to make his change a success. He was industrious, honest, and enterprising, but staked more on his sacrifices and devotion to pull him through, than on his individual efforts.

After the camp was arranged and in the gathering darkness, he took his wife and daughter out into the wild brush, for his evening devotion. The camp was no place for prayer. Too many of his companions would laugh him to scorn, so he drew aside from the crowd for his last evening's devotion, before his new life should begin in the crowded city on the morrow.

In a secluded spot the three knelt down for prayer. Akker bared his bosom to the light of the stars and throwing his head back, with hands clasped he prayed, finishing his long petition with these words:—

“And now, Thou Eternal One, be merciful to thy servants. We go hence into a new and untried life. We know not what awaits us there for good or evil. No matter what befalls us—if thy servant shall fail in this new effort—care thou for my faithful wife, and even more, guard and guide the feet of my innocent child. I tremble at the change we are making, but I lay hold of thy promise to protect these two, who are so close to the sacred love I bear Thee. Next to that love for Thee, I love them best and Thou wilt not let them suffer.”

Thus ending his prayer, Akker unclasped his hands, placing one on the head of his wife at the right and the other upon the dark tresses of his beloved Mag-

dalene, and for a moment the three heads were bent in silence, before arising to go.

Quietly they arose and faced towards the camp. Near-by the camp fires flickered on the plain below and in the distance could be seen the lights of the great city—glimmering dimly upon the horizon.

The orient sky was dusted thick with stars:
Some twinkled bright with lustre—some were dim
Through mist of arid sands—and some to him
Stood far away, like sentinel that bars
The gates of home, beyond the desert's rim.

II

Joel Akker found life in the great city far different from what he had expected. In his desert home was peace, repose, poise, quiet and everything which added to his deep religious instinct. Out there in "Stony Desert" poverty had become a comrade. The struggle for bread was intense, but with it all he had soul contentment. That compensated in a measure for physical suffering. Religion meant more to him than material comfort.

In the city he was compelled to live in a most vicious section, where Sin laughed at him from day to day. His devotions were reviled and his prayers scoffed at by unbelievers on every side. He even had personal combats with those who jeered at what they called his "pretence."

All of this he could bear, in a way, but his beloved Magdalene was compelled to see Sin paraded before her from day to day. She was only ten years old and the father shuddered in wonder, as to what effect her environment might have upon the helpless child. He held firmly to his faith in the value of prayer for his daughter and yet in spite of this Akker worried himself into such a frenzy of mental strain that when a

scourge of cholera swept through the vile street in which they lived—both himself and wife were quickly marked as victims and died within the same week.

III.

Thus deprived of both parents Magdalene faced the problem of a homeless child—among a class of acquaintances who showed her little pity. She was forced to accept shelter in the home of those whom her father had angered and likewise compelled to toil incessantly in order to obtain shelter and food. Environed thus by Sin it was but small wonder that this slender girl, of surpassing beauty, should naturally fall into the pathways of the vicious and for a time follow the roadway of the erring.

Wisdom comes with years. Youth lacks the foresight which experience must teach. Necessity is a terrible master—often driving unwilling feet into the byways of Sin. Hunger and Want will always tempt the unwary. No matter how deep may be the inherent instinct for good, Necessity will cloud the vision and before the victim is aware the most fatal mistakes may be made.

It was thus with Magdalene Akker, that, in spite of parental instinct for virtue and purity, the dictates of Necessity were so powerful on account of environment, that for a time the voice of a father's influence was lost and she was enmeshed in the net of sin.

A NEW PROPHET IN AN OLD COUNTRY

I

It is ten years later. All Palestine is aroused by the preaching of the great prophet. People flock to Jerusalem from all sections—many out of curiosity—and some to hear and believe. It is the greatest era in the history of a great country. Everywhere the new prophet and his teaching are discussed. The wise shake their heads in doubt, many of the ignorant listen and are more ignorant still. Men fight about this new messenger;—old faiths are broken up; the idols of tradition are shattered. The very foundation of Jewish religion is threatened.

II

Among the new-comers, purely out of curiosity, is a youth from the sheep country back of Lebanon, Elsas Tubal. With ample means the great city charmed his poetic soul, but even amid his sensual enjoyments, Elsas was strangely attracted by the preaching of this new prophet. While he did not subscribe to the new faith he was a frequent listener to the great teacher in and about Jerusalem.

One day Elsas was listening to the Master as he taught in the temple. It was the occasion when the scribes and pharisees—the over-lords of the Jewish faith—brought in the guilty woman and asked Him what should be done with her—tempting him that they might accuse him—should his interpretation be contrary to the old Mosaic law. When the case had been stated the Master said:—

“He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone against her.”

Elsas, from his concealed position in the temple, watched the proceeding with a deep interest.

The rabble became silent. The Master was looking down at the floor and one by one the guilty accusers slipped out of the hall.

The first to go out were those with the blood-stain of murder upon their hands. They started, hesitated, looked again and then slunk from the room, for these could not cast a stone.

Next Elsas noted the agitation of those whose hands were filled with ill-gotten money, the crafty and heartless traders, conscience smitten, and one by one these left the temple, helpless on account of their own guilt.

Afterwards followed those who had robbed the widow and the orphan; those who had given false witness against their neighbor and so on—none of whom could cast a stone against her.

"When Jesus had lifted up himself and saw none but the woman, he said unto her: 'Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee?'

"She said: 'No man, Lord.' And Jesus said unto her: 'Neither do I condemn thee, go, and sin no more.'"

Quietly Elsas went out of the temple. The incident had made a profound impression upon him. Though without any fixed religious faith himself, the direct teaching of the Master had impressed him deeply and while the incident did not change his manner of living he was determined, from that day forward, to learn more of the philosophy this Nazarene was teaching. It marked the first stage of a new life which was to follow him later on.

III

A few days following the above incident the Master had started on a journey to Bethany, but his progress was slow, owing to the crowds which pressed him along

the road over which he traveled. Already his fame had gone abroad and everywhere people clamored about him, some to hear him preach, but in most cases to have him heal their sick.

Then, as now, men were seeking physical rather than spiritual healing. It was easy to conceal the one in a plea for the other.

It was a bright morning. A great crowd filed out of the ancient city of Jerusalem. Foremost was the Master, with a few of his disciples. A mile out in the country and the followers had increased to a mass of humanity—many carrying their sick ones on stretchers and pleading to be healed.

The Master paused on a high bluff and commenced preaching. In response to insistence he occasionally healed some invalid who had been pressed before him by friends. The shouts of the cured and the murmur of the multitude arose with a strange sound on the morning air.

Two marked characters stood apart, looking on in half critical indifference—one a Pharisee and the other a Sadducee. As they listened they discussed the merits and demerits of this new prophet, who had torn asunder their whole religious fabric.

Pharisee:—

“This may be the promised Messiah. Who can tell? And still his coming is not yet due. Such a prophet as this, must come, according to our records—but this man is here before his time.”

Sadducee:—

“Ah! Thomas, don’t be deceived. This man preaches future punishments, angels, spirits, demons—all of which the priestly aristocracy of our Sadducees deny. We believe in the freedom of human will and not in such cant as that man yonder advocates.”

Pharisee:—

“After all, this may be the promised one, and if so then our kingdom on earth will be established. I was out at Bethany the day he raised Lazarus from the dead and I could not believe what my own eyes had seen. I tell you, Simon, there is something unusual about his coming. Strange things have happened. Strange things are happening every day. See there! He has healed a palsied man—one who could not walk—now see him leap and run—see him kiss the Master’s feet—listen to the roar of the multitude. As for me, I’m all mystified.”

Sadducee:—

“Thomas, you are not fit to hold your high office in the synagogue. You are an unbeliever—an apostate. Yon man is a false prophet. He teaches that men are possessed of evil spirits and that he can drive them out. If we accept this new religion then all our teachings are set at naught. Are you going to accept something which upsets all the traditions of our fathers? I think not.”

Pharisee:—

“I cannot decide, Simon. The man’s power is a wonder to me. I was close to him that day in Mary’s house, when he raised her brother from the dead. A strange feeling came over me, as if I stood in the presence of a God. It was overpowering. I felt like kneeling before him and accepting the gospel he preached. I’m worried, Simon. Think, if he is the Messiah, what a glory for our race!”

And the two men walked slowly away still debating a theme which was foremost in every mind.

THE SCARLET ROAD

I

Strange are the slow developments which spring from individuality. Soul-power is the greatest force in the make-up of human character. Almost unconsciously a new being will develop from the old. Out of the chrysalis of ugliness will suddenly come the summer butterfly, with silken wings and golden colors. Seemingly, without help, this metamorphosis will take place and the individual himself will be surprised at the great transition.

It was thus with Magdalene Akker. Buried in poverty—with no hand to aid—this wild rose of the desert bloomed out in all its beauty—and she scarcely knew just how.

And yet back of such changes there is always a soul-power which makes the change possible. Without this one drifts with the tide of circumstance—one becomes and remains a part of its own environment. While thousands drift with the tide one in a thousand will exert its inherent power and come to the surface.

Magdalene had been left alone in the world, amid a poverty-ridden class, with never a hand held out to assist her. How she lived during the ten years after the death of her parents, she scarcely knew. It all seemed like a dream. Want and crime and viciousness had been her constant companions, but she never became a part of these. An inherent power seemed to keep her aloof from those among whom she moved.

And yet, like the chrysalis, she hung for years amid the ugliness of her environment, but becoming no part of its life—only so far as necessity demanded.

Finally, however, the old shell of decay was broken and the butterfly came forth in all its glory. This girl of the "stony desert," blossomed into a woman of surprising beauty and admirers followed her every footstep. It is true she had slipped from the pathway of purity, but only from the barest necessity. So long had she lived among the sinning that she scarcely knew when the first wrong step was taken, save the natural inherent feeling which comes to every one who goes astray. And yet so deeply fixed was her sense of right and wrong that after the first few mistakes, she was able to keep aloof from following the wrong road and instead of living a life of open shame Magdalene found that her admirers were such that her bright company could take the place of a baser life.

In some way the wealthy found their way to her house, attracted by her beauty and a personality that charmed. She opened a little shop, which prospered far beyond her fondest dreams. Back of this and a part of it was a richly furnished salon, where her friends gathered from day to day.

It is true that in a few instances she had been guilty of attracting rich customers there, where they would buy wine liberally and on a few occasions had gone so far as to aid in getting money from these, in a manner then in vogue, which her conscience told her was wrong and of which she always repented. She had finally decided to abandon these transactions entirely—after a final payment was made to clear her house of debt. It was one of these final transactions which put a check upon her gilded career and answered the fervent prayer of her devoted father the day before they entered the city.

II

"I'm older than sin—older than crime
These two came since my birth,
The world first heard my name in rhyme
Then linked my smile with mirth.

It was a night of all nights—one such as old Egypt alone could produce. The sky was shot through with its thousands of stars, each standing out clear in the rarefied atmosphere. The milky-way was luminous with its clustered constellations, which the shepherds, who slept on the hillsides, had not been able to separate and name.

From the sea came a lazy wind, tinged with a salty smell. There were odors, too, of tropical flowers in the air, all intensified under the glory of night-fall.

The brown complexioned student, Elsas Tubal, from the hill country of Lebanon, was walking aimlessly through a dark street. Well dressed and groomed, he wore all the evidences of a rich new-comer to the great city of Jerusalem. Of its evils he knew little, having been attracted there to see the great prophet.

Magdalene had by chance seen Elsas Tubal and had set her heart on meeting him. She called in to assist her a man, Jonas, and together they planned to bring him to her house. They arranged to walk the street together as brother and sister, engage him in conversation and invite him to the little salon for a glass of wine. Deeper intentions were back of the scheme, so far as Jonas was concerned, but so far as that part of the contract went, the woman failed utterly.

After passing Elsas on the street the pair turned back and approaching him asked:—

Jonas:—"Excuse us, sir, but may we ask the time.

We were to meet some friends here, but it seems they are late, or we have misunderstood."

Elsas:—"It is now two hours after sunset. If I can assist you command my services."

Jonas:—"No thank you, we shall wait. The night is glorious, wonderful, picturesque."

Elsas:—"Such a night as makes the lonely soul cry out for comradeship."

Jonas:—"I trust you are not so unfortunate as to be lonely in this great city. Are you a stranger here?"

Elsas:—"Yes, I came from Lebanon and arrived only a few days since. I came out of curiosity to see the great prophet and only this noon I heard him preach out there near the mount. Also saw him heal a poor leper who could not walk. It all had a strange effect upon me, but I cannot accept this new doctrine he preaches."

Jonas:—"Just another of the many false prophets, my friend, who have infested our country of late years. Allow us to be comrades: My name is Jonas and allow me to introduce my sister."

The student was jolly from over indulgence and soon became very friendly, inviting the two to join him at a nearby inn for refreshments. They demur and ask him to their private home, which he readily accepts.

The house was located away from the main street, the entrance being through a little garden, redolent with tropical blossoms.

This was the home of Magdalene Akker, Jonas being a kind of accomplice whom she used as occasion demanded. In a way Fate had been kind to her. Out of her helpless orphanage she had prospered, far beyond her fondest hopes.

And yet, until that moment, she had never known what love could mean to a woman's soul. She had been wooed by many heartless satellites, who flitted, like moths, about this dangerous flame of the desert. But when she looked into the blue eyes of Elsas Tubal, this clean, gentle, soft voiced youth from the country, a new light shone upon her dark past, which caused the woman to tremble.

So when the three entered her luxurious house, she wavered in her pledge to keep her compact with Jonas.

They were all to drink together, Jonas was to disappear, Magdalene was to draw the student on with her Lilith smile and when he bent over to kiss her, Jonas, as the brother, was to re-enter, enraged, and demand satisfaction.

For a while they sat around a little table and sipped the wine. As they did so the youth told, in eloquent tones, of hearing the Master preach out there on the road to Bethany. The woman listened intently, for there was something in the very softness of his words she had never heard before. She was entranced—she was lifted out of her old life—something new had happened to her—she knew not what—but a new light shone ahead. Every word from the lips of Elsas came as music—love for the first time had smote her soul and she did not know it.

At the opportune moment Jonas disappeared, leaving the two together. Magdalene became oblivious of everything save the pictured face of the youth before her. She even forgot her compact with her accomplice. Elsas was still telling her about the wonderful Gallilean, when she raised her head and said:—

Magdalene:—"I will hear him some day. Tell me about yourself, your beautiful country and the sweet, clean life you live among the hills."

She was conscious of her own beauty. She had never doubted that; and of her strange power to attract men. Yet, not until this night did she feel helpless before the gaze of any one. This slender youth, meek, unassuming and unsophisticated, somehow, bent every fibre of her proud spirit and made her helpless before his gaze. Finally he answered her:—

Elsas:—"The life among the hills is very lonely. We see little of life and know less. I've seen and lived more since I came to your city than ever before. And yet our life there has its compensations.

We live close to the great soul of Nature.—We talk to the trees, the stars, the sky, and hang about our door-ways garlands of flowers that bloom everywhere.”

While the youth was still speaking, tears came into the woman’s eyes and she stretched her hands to him in a pleading attitude which said, “Come.” No word was uttered—it was simply the silent language of a love-awakened soul, calling out of its sordid depths for comradeship.

Before either knew what had happened their lips had touched—and at this Jonas entered with a disgusted rage pictured upon his face.

Jonas:—“And this in the house of your new-made friends, within sight of the empty glasses of hospitality, still fragrant with the sweet wine. How dare you do this thing? You will pay for this either with money or your life.”

And as Jonas started menacingly towards the youth the woman seized his arms with a powerful grip, throwing her accomplice upon a nearby couch. While the struggle went on Elsas quietly slipped out of the door and was soon lost in the crowded street beyond.

After the confusion subsided Magdalene arose to her full height and looking the man in the face said:—

Magdalene:—“To-night we part company. My art is a thing of the past. I shall have no further use for your scheming, I will be no longer your accomplice in crime. Out of my ignorance a new vision has come to me. I’m on the wrong roadway.”

Jonas attempted to reply, but the woman lifted her hand in a threatening attitude and said:—

Magdalene:—“Go,—forever.”

THE PRICE OF DESPAIR

I

The world is flooded each year with insipid stories of human life, sickly love tales abound, the great presses thunder day and night turning out books, which barely touch the surface of human passions.

It seems to have become unethical to write of life as it really is—unless the story be of some one's experience which is not worth telling. The real book of the future must deal with soul experience, with those who have gone down into the very depths of the hell, called "Agony" and lay bare the life—no matter how crimson that life might have been.

We are coming, too, closer to a great truth than ever before, that heredity leaves its taint from generation to generation, the stain, as a rule, being so deep that our finest civilization cannot blot out or suppress it.

II

In this instance Magdalene Akker was a creature of environment. She was a child of circumstance. She inherited a strong, normal, religious character from both mother and father, but all of this was suppressed by the environment in which a cruel Fate left her. The strong character was there undisturbed during young womanhood but it was suppressed by adverse surroundings. She grew up among the vicious and in the simplicity of a child followed the ways of the vicious—until circumstances had placed, or fixed her in a life to which she did not belong.

But even years of coarse living could not stifle the real woman which was in her. No doubt her soul—in its quiet hours—rebelled against all that she did to

gain bread and wine for life. No doubt something within her cried out in agony when she did what was flagrantly wrong. And yet circumstance had set her feet in this road—Fate had fixed her place in the scarlet world and thus environed how could a helpless woman break away?

She waited long unconsciously. Magdalene did not know that she was waiting for a better life to lift her out of the old. At times she rebelled at her frivolous existence, because the woman had a real soul—and the real soul always—in some way—finds the light.

Her better self had never been awakened from its lethargy until the young Shepherd from the hills crossed her path. Until then no man had ever aroused the woman love which slept in her heart. But when this youth came upon the horizon of her life, when he leaned over and kissed her, then Love came like a storm and broke through her being in all its fury. The woman in her was conquered by the very gentleness of this youth. God's thunders of repentance also sounded through the depths of her soul and Magdalene arose, as if dazed, at the new light which had shone in upon her wayward life.

III

When Jonas left she sat and gazed into vacant space, trying to realize what had happened so suddenly. It all seemed so strange to her—the awakening out of the old into the new life.

From the floor she picked up a half withered flower which Elsas had dropped as he hastily left the room. It was a small token, but she kissed the petals and slipped it into the folds of her dress. Then putting on a cloak she went into the street hurriedly—hoping she might find Elsas at the Inn where he had dined. But alas, no one there knew him. She then walked through one street after another, gazing intently into

each passing face. It was a strange experience to Magdalene—these old familiar streets were no longer the same to her—and would never be the same again. The old life was a thing of the past—a thing to be forgotten—to be sealed with its memories forever. A new life had sprung up within—it was vibrating, exulting. Love had kindled a new light in her soul.

After mid-night she went home in despair. She fixed her couch by a window, so she could watch the stars—the constellations of which he had spoken so beautifully. On the morrow she would find him and he would love her and take her away to his own sweet country. Thus watching the stars—his stars—she fell into a light sleep—all filled with dreams of a new life which stretched beyond.

But Fate had willed that Magdalene should not escape punishment so easily. First she must pay in full the penalty for the life she had led. There is no easy escape from Sin. The accounts must be balanced and the last farthing paid.

For weeks she searched the city, but to no avail. Face after face looked into hers, but never the one she sought. Each night she kept vigil at her window thinking he might return. At last she realized that perhaps he was gone and she might never see him again.

IV

Then it was that contrition, that greatest disturber of human happiness, came into her soul and waited. She tried in vain to throw off the feeling, but it was there to stay. She even thought of going back to her old life and try to forget, but then Love arose in her heart and said, "no."

Magdalene suddenly remembered what Elsas had told her of the great Master and after weeks of suffering she went out on the road to Bethany one day, where he was preaching at the house of Mary. There she

leaned upon a balustrade and listened. His words fell like blessings upon her naked soul. Tears filled her eyes and she trembled with fear as the Master said:—

“Ye who are weary, ye who have sinned, ye whom disappointments have overtaken, come unto me and I will give you peace. Forget and renounce the past, cast your burdens upon me and I will make you free. No matter how stained you are with sin, how scarred your soul may be, believe in me and faith will heal your wounds.”

The words fell upon her bleeding heart like a healing balm. Repentance whipped her like a Fury. All of her past came up like a vision before her eyes, now blinded with tears. It was the second crucial moment in her life—the first when Love came in and, as she thought, closed the door and shut her in with Happiness. Yet this moment o’erwhelmed the other—it was fraught with bitterness, yet through that bitterness of deep-lying grief—she could, even now, see the sunlight of content.

Great crowds surged about the Master as he finished, imploring him to heal their sick, many of which they had brought along. It was a wonderful contrast—the throngs begging for physical healing and this scarlet woman praying that her soul be cleaned of sin. And yet it was but a picture of the world at large—the multitude asking for security from bodily suffering while one lone penitent cries out for pardon.

When the Master had dispersed the crowd he went into the cool shade of the court yard. As he rested there Magdalene approached, unseen, and kneeling at his feet wept in silent agony. She drew from the folds of her dress a box of costly perfume and with it bathed his feet. Suddenly her grief was turned to joy and looking up she said:

“Master, My Master.”

And the great prophet, looking down upon this repentant woman answered:—

“Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace.”

AFTER MANY YEARS

The spirit of racing—the very foundation of our American predisposition to gamble—lay dormant in the daughter of Thomas May. Mixed with that spirit were the other related vices which belong to the followers of the race track.

In Ethel May these sins of the father came out with uncontrollable force—at least sufficiently strong to wreck and ruin her life. The Curse of Heredity leaves its indelible mark from which there is no possible escape until the woman has passed through her Gethsemane of suffering and found peace in the great love of the man for whom she sinned.

AFTER MANY YEARS

A June Morning. Bryant Park, New York. Thomas May, Jr., a wealthy broker of thirty, unmarried, a philosopher, skeptical, a hater of cant and creeds, but sincere in his ideals. Nathan Wallstein, a Jewish money lender, noted for his financial foresight, a pillar in his church, but shady in his money deals and reputed friend of the underworld, from whose characters he exacted heavy interest on large deals. A chance meeting in the park is followed by a spirited argument between these opposite individuals:

Wallstein:—

Good morning, Thomas, you stir early for one of your class. The street must be dull today or you would hardly come out in this beautiful park to enjoy the perfume of this first spring morning. Give thanks to your god for this gracious sunshine and the sight of yon crimson poppies.

May:—

Your religion, Nathan, is too much of the lips and not enough of the heart. I saw the record of a loan made yesterday, a record whose lines are writ in blood. It is a mystery to me that one who professes the religion you claim, could go so far away from its teachings and become a friend to the underworld by making such an unusual loan to further the schemes of sin.

Wallstein:—

Beware of your unfriendly criticism, Thomas, it reflects upon my religion and is an insult to my great Master, the Christ.

May:—

Your religion, Nathan, is a myth, a shadow. So far as I can see your soul is poverty-stricken. I must believe you are too sensible to deceive yourself. Listen to me! you cover your footsteps well, but

after all you leave traces of your erratic enterprise. Only yesterday you left the record of a loan in yonder court that will remain as a curse upon your ungodly head. You loaned fifty thousand dollars to a Magdalene of the lowest type. You know the woman! you know how notorious she is. She has just furnished a palace of sin and your fifty thousand dollars added the finishing touches to its luxury.

Its tapestried walls,

Its curtained rooms,

Its winding stairways,

Its carpeted floors,

Have all the show of a modern palace.

Its lighting effects glow with splendor,

Ebony lamps burn low in every nook,

Embroidery of the finest texture,

Couches of silken weave,

And curtains of gold hang from every doorway.

Soft music will vibrate through this house of sin,

Which you have helped furnish with your money.

Pungent incense will permeate the labyrinth

of rooms, every device to please the senses:

Beauty,

Music,

Perfume,

Wine,

Like the whisper of ardent lovers

Will be found in this palace of passion.

You know, Nathan, this house of scarlet,

You know this mecca of the lewd

And your money has added to its glory.

Wallstein:—

But you do not understand, Thomas, the incentive back of this loan. Some one else would loan this money, so why not I? The rate of interest is so high that my income will be largely increased. My gifts to the house of God will be correspondingly large. Henceforth my tithes will be enhanced an

hundred fold. Now do you see the wisdom of my loan?

May:—

Alas! thou blinded man!

Don't you know what this money will do?

This Magdalene is notorious in half a dozen large cities in this country.

Her cleverness surpasses the cunning of a serpent. She weaves a web that entangles the wisest. She plays for the rich, for the influential socially and politically. Black-mail is as much her game as social ruin and political hold-up.

Your gold, Nathan, will send forth her emissaries and bring to her threshold the unsuspecting. She deals only with the fairest and with the unfortunates of rich families.

In her palace she can give them luxuries to which they have been accustomed. The very splendor of the place condones, in a measure, the false step of the victim.

Moral rectitude will be lost amid sensual splendor. That is the wisdom of her art.

Hardened men will whisper to her inmates in the chaste language of lovers.

The game is as old as Egypt, but in this case is played by a new hand.

Wallstein:—

Listen, Thomas, you have no religion.

You are a skeptic, without faith in anything.

You have no God; you profess no creed.

You never bend the knee in prayer; to you contrition is a stranger; you have never felt the glory of forgiveness.

I pity your ignorance and your benighted soul.

Therefore, I can forgive you for your criticism of my investment and the financial strength it will add to my holy church.

May:—

I plead guilty, Wallstein, to your impeachment.
It is true, I profess no religion save that
broader faith which recognizes one Great Being
Who rules all,
Who plans all things
Who knows all things—
Some great Law, rather than a Being
Which defies Fate and Chance
and makes of us all what we are.
I cannot subscribe to your narrow theology,
Shot through and through by the voice of Reason.
To the one supreme God my soul owes allegiance.
Yet I make no outward show,
I have no ritual to guide me—
Only my inner consciousness of right
and duty to my fellowman.

Wallestein:—

I forgive your criticism, Thomas;
Without religion to guide your steps
and endow your mind with holiness
You are to be pitied.
My soul is safe in the sanctuary of the Lord.
The acts I do for his church
have the Master's hearty approval.
I shall pray for you, Thomas, that the Lord
may convert you and lead your groping soul
into the pathway of right.

May:—(Incensed at the Jew's presumption)

Hush this cant, thou self-righteous bigot,
Whose mind is as misguided as a
south-sea storm and whose soul
is as corrupt as the vilest part of hell!
I thought to argue against the loan,
but my words fall on hardened stone.
You will have your way; advice is useless.
But listen!

I had an incentive when I tried
to persuade you from loaning
Your money to a house of sin.
Listen:—and by the eternals that be
let my words have lodgement
in the better part of your soul!
I have a sister whom some pious wretch
has led astray.
A divinity student has ruined her life.
Reared in luxury, she loves luxury,
the refined and beautiful things of life.
To her I was devoted, but she, a woman,
fell to the faithless promise of a man—
Not a man, but a brute,
for whose blood I hunger.
Be warned, Nathan, if I find her
in the house you have financed—
Attracted there by its splendor and its ease,
and luxurious surroundings—
I will kill you on sight,
just the same as I will kill the wretch
Who brought her there.”

With these words the younger man passes. The Jew was left standing in fearful surprise. Once he motioned the young man to return, but he had already turned out of the park and presently vanished from sight. Wallstein stood alone, the picture of indecision. Then starting forward he said to himself:—

“The loan is made,—the interest has been paid,—the loan will stand.”

THE MARKED HOUSE

I paint my face in the dusky light
Then sit me down and wait:
For I know the brutes, called man, tonight,
Will find the road to my gate.

It stood where the crowds passed daily in an endless procession, yet few ever knew anything of its character, or anything about its inmates. By a shrewd arrangement its main entrance was from another building, so that few were ever seen going in through its front door. Yet it was a marked house to those who knew—a house in which souls die—where youth is robbed of its freshness and beauty—where exhilaration gives place to dejection—a house whose walls echoed alike the laughter of the gay and the sobs of those in abject despair. It was a house of strange awakenings, in which the dreamer often found the dawn the revealer of a heart heavy with contrition and filled with a longing to utter a prayer—strange as this might seem where revelry and sin held sway.

Outside there were no marks of the unusual. It might have been, so far as appearances went, the home of an ideal family—or even the home of one who preached the gospel of Christ. But inside, from the heavy carpeted hallway on—all the marks of luxury were in evidence. One trod upon carpets so deep that no sound of step was heard. Silken curtains hung about every doorway and window. Rich tapestries adorned every hall, soft lights every corner, and whispered music swept softly through every room and inglenook. The inmates moved about with measured tread—refined voices whispered in every part of the interior and when laughter was heard it came from lips upon

which mute fingers were laid. It might have served as a kingly palace—save that a mysterious silence marked it with an air of suspicion. It was a house of sin—the scarlet innermost place where the guilty met, with a full consciousness of all their sin about them.

It was in this house that Thomas May thought his sister, Ethel May, found refuge after the young divinity student, Edward Grafton, had spoiled her life, but in this he was mistaken. She came of wealthy parents and grew up in the arms of luxury, without proper parental care thrown about her. Chance had brought her in company with Grafton and he, in an unguarded hour, with the urge of evil through heredity, had left her stranded where no help could reach her. She was too proud to face her family in disgrace. A single step, brought on by inherited impulse she could not resist, had ruined her life—and having a small fortune of her own the girl disappeared in the great city and her brother, as a natural result, believed she had chosen the primrose path of sin.

For months, Thomas May had searched for his sister with untiring effort. He knew the house the Pharisee had helped to finance and somehow the young man had the premonition that if his sister had really gone to the bad he would find her in a place like this. He knew the young student slightly, who had ruined his sister, believed that he visited the "Marked House" at rare intervals and for this reason his faith had been all the more shaken and he swore afresh a determination to find the hypocrite and kill the destroyer of his own happiness.

Late one night he entered the house through the inside door. Within, all was still, except the murmur of a few voices, talking in subdued tones. The maid who opened the door asked whom he would see, but the young man pushed her aside and entered a small reception room on the left of the entrance. He saw a young woman on the stairway, and in the excitement

of the moment he imagined it was his sister, but in this he was mistaken. Before he could collect his senses the girl had escaped through the front door. But just as he drew the heavy curtain aside he stood face to face with the Jew, whose money had made all of this splendor possible. The revelations came so rapidly, one after the other, that all sense of prudence was lost. A wild delirium of anger seized him. For the moment there was but one thought surging through his brain—that of retribution. All at once he turned and looked the Jew full in the face, who was shaking with sudden fright. Wallstein saw his doom in the young man's gaze. There was no mistaking that look. The eyes burned with anger and the lips curled, as if he would tell the joy which had now rewarded his long search for confirmation of his suspicion. There was no time for parley—the Jew was helpless from fright and made no attempt to escape. Suddenly he threw up his hands and exclaimed:

“Thomas, be merciful to me. I am unarmed and helpless. For God's sake spare my life.”

Young May was too much overcome with all that had happened in one minute and for a moment looked upon the Jew with all the disdain of which his strong nature was capable.

He seized the man with his left hand, now doubly strong from the emotion which shook his whole body like a leaf, and looking into his half hidden face he said:—

“Kneel, thou dog! For once kneel with contrition in your soul. Heretofore you have bent the knee as a hypocrite—kneel now as a penitent and for once ask your God for forgiveness. It is too late now, however. Too long have you lived your double life—too long you have worshipped your sordid money—little good will your prayers avail you now. Look about this palace of sin which your money has made beautiful. Look at these silken curtains that have lured the un-

fortunates and think, before you die, what you have done. At least you shall die among the evidences of wealth—this shall be your only compensation. Your make-believe creed of giving to your church—your “holier-than-thou” religion, will avail you naught in that far country whither you are about to journey—

The Jew attempted to speak, but anger so engrossed every fibre of the young man that he pressed the crouching body still closer to the carpeted floor as he uttered:—

“Let your last thought be of a beautiful soul forever blackened—not directly by your hands—for there is also another with whom there is to be a reckoning—but your money created this palace of sin and you are a partner in every crime which has been committed within these walls. Think not you can escape the punishment which is your due. Hell is full of pious criminals and you will be the next to answer the Devil’s roll-call.”

A muffled shot echoed through the rooms—the Jew lay prostrate on the floor and Thomas May left by a side entrance, self-justified with the rash step he had taken.

THE CURSE OF HEREDITY

A typical student's room, in the furnishing of which the hand of wealth had taken part. A heavy mahogany table in the center, with a polished lamp hanging just above, shedding a softened light on the books and an unfinished manuscript, which the occupant of the room had been reading. There were easy chairs scattered about, the several couches piled high with silken cushions. Reference books lay about the room, some half open and others with turned down leaves to mark some important reference page.

There was the smell of Turkish tobacco in the air and through the window facing west a light breeze was blowing the silken curtains inward. Standing by this window was a young man of not over twenty-four, strong, well built, vigorous looking, but with all the lines of worry and discontent imprinted upon his features. The hour was eleven at night, when the city's night-life was at its meridian. Theatres had turned upon the streets their great crowds of pleasure seekers and every side-walk was filled with its moving stream of humanity—some homeward bound and others in search of still further amusement.

Looking down upon this picture of mighty mystery Edward Grafton soliloquized:—

“There boils the melting pot of human aims and human ambitions. The tide flows like the troubled waters of a storm-aroused surf upon some whitened beach. There go the quickened steps of the happy and, alike, the doubtful tread of the disappointed. The individual overflowing with gladness elbows his neighbor in the depths of despair. Fate draws no lines between them, they walk the same pavement, outwardly alike in happiness, yet one exults in exhilaration of old

wine, while the other carries a dagger in his heart. Two hours hence and the procession will have ended—one gone to a couch of happy dreams, the other to a night of restlessness where sleep refuses to bring forgetfulness of a sorrow gnawing at the soul. "Go on, and leave me alone with my problems unsolved"—but just then there was a knock at the student's door and he turned around in surprise, wondering who could call at that late hour.

As the door opened Frank Malone stood in the entrance hall—a youth about the same age—but with a smile upon his face, which contrasted strongly with the troubled expression of his host.

"Don't be surprised, Edward," said the caller, "I was lonesome and dropped in for a little chat before going to my work over in the Herald office. I was just wanting to see you—not for any particular reason—and hope I have not intruded upon any urgent work you may have in hand."

As Grafton heartily welcomed his caller a forced smile lit up his face. "No apology needed, my dear boy. I was just looking upon that long procession upon the great white way and trying to read in the faces of those who pass the thoughts and feelings that stirred their hearts. I only wish I could show upon my own face the steady happiness which shows in yours and which I'm sure comes from a contented soul."

"I'm not so happy as you may think," replied his caller, "but in a way I am content. My task is not an easy one and my prospects in life not so glowing, but I love my work and that, in a measure, satisfies. Mine is an uphill pull. I've started life with no one to help me. No one has ever helped me. In my college course I incurred a heavy debt, which I've just finished paying off. Now it seems I must pull along, until I get upon my feet and make my way in the literary world. But the biggest thing for me is my love for my work. I'm a student and will always be one. That

compensates for the needs I feel and some day, I hope, at least, I shall earn a compensation that will enable me to follow literature as a profession and make of it a success. Until then I must be patient and abide the decrees of fate."

"Ah, my dear Frank, don't mention Fate. That has been my curse. That has cast a blur over my career when life should hold for me all that is best and happiest. Call it Fate, or what you please, but it has been my own undoing."

Then turning to his friend Edward Grafton said:—

"Will you object my making a confession to you? —A thing which has long been on my mind? It's a sordid story—a story in which heredity plays a part, but I shall feel ever so much better when I have unburdened my heart to one who loves me, as I know you do."

And with a look of surprise in his face Frank Malone bade him proceed, as he lit a cigar and threw himself into an easy chair to listen.

"Frank, as you know, I was reared in an atmosphere of luxury. My father was blessed or cursed, as you choose, with a vast amount of inherited wealth. Along with great wealth he inherited a train of evil tendencies from a long line of wealthy southern planters. My great, great grandfather was a famous owner of wonderful race horses, so my grandfather and his father. Along with the racing instinct came other gambling tendencies, drinking, inordinate love of beautiful women and the like. When I reached the age of eighteen I fully realized what a handicap of evil inclinations I had to fight against. That inclination to evil was a heritage which I could not overcome. It followed me incessantly. It was like my shadow. It never left me.

"At first I thought to overcome it and school myself so as to make it a negative part of my nature, but that was impossible.

"I took up the study of theology two years ago, not that I loved it, cared for it in any way, but in the belief that by following that study I would overcome my inborn inclination to evil. I studied, prayed and wept, but all in vain. The inheritance was there—fixed in my soul. For a while I would go straight and old desires would lie dormant. But all of a sudden the smouldering flame would rekindle and flare up—burning with ever increasing intensity.

"Under one of these spells—when I was powerless to control my inclination—a beautiful girl was ruined. In disgrace she slipped out of my life and away from her friends. I offered to marry her and right the wrong—but she would not listen to that and since then no one has heard of her. I have paid the penalty of my sin a thousand times. I've suffered almost beyond human endurance. The thing has engrossed my entire mind and I know where to fix the blame. But for the curse of inherited inclination to evil this thing would never have happened. My nature could not be changed and I am undone—henceforth my life is ruined. Heredity is the curse that has wrecked my life and hers."

"That's a terrible arraignment of yourself," said Malone, "but your confession has the virtue of honesty. What are you going to do?"

"Going to do? Nothing. What can I do? I am honest with myself, Frank, and I've played my last card. When Ethel May, that's her name in all confidence, refused my offer of marriage, then my last bridge was burned. She confessed to me that she was likewise cursed with an uncontrollable inclination to sin. She told me of a long line of ancestors whose lives had been clouded with evil, but their wealth and social standing had, in a way, kept them from outward disgrace. She would prefer to carry the consequences of her disgrace rather than attempt a show of reformation, which she felt would be a dismal failure.

"By entering the church I had thought to counter-act my evil tendencies. But this step, bold as it has been, has not changed me in the least. The old, inborn inclinations are all still with me. I have reached the dreadful conclusion that inheritance carries with it the enduring mark of eternity. Once thus marked, one forever carries the unchanging spots. A leopard once, a leopard always.

"In my despair I have reached a desperate conclusion: I shall convert my property into cash and deliberately go into some far country and live, in reality, the life of a prodigal. I shall let every evil inclination have full sway. I shall follow the lure of an evil soul. I shall follow the beckon of sin, no matter what form it takes. When I have spent my last penny and for a while eaten of the husks, perhaps over-self indulgence will bring a change of heart. It is a desperate step to take, but the die is cast and I shall go."

And as the two men left the room together there was a strange look upon their faces. Few words were spoken and they went out into the crowded thoroughfare, each with a new intent within his heart and a perplexing future before them.

IN A FAR COUNTRY

I

Ten years had elapsed—ten years in the old world's busy age, which seemed but a day in the slow tread of Time. Big nations had become bigger, great powers had become more powerful, kings had lost their thrones and new forces in the world's political life had arisen on the sky of the ages. The old Pyramids still looked silently upon the sandy desert, great ships ploughed every sea, poverty stricken families had arisen to great wealth and destiny played with men and nations, as a child idles away time with its toys. The same stars sailed the blue of heaven at night, the same dawns and twilights glorified the passing days; spring and autumn marked the hurrying seasons, while Fate with a smileless expression looked on and marvelled the listless passing of the years.

It was a blustery night in Havana. The early September gales had changed the usually calm bay into a seething turmoil of twisting and wild waves. Down along the Malecon the sea wall was unable to hold back the mass of water, which at intervals swept over the concrete embankment and flooded the space to its furthest side. That beautiful street with its wonderful trees and flickering lights was crowded with people watching the weird play of the waters, which dashed over the ramparts like something enraged.

Among the mixed crowd of watchers was Edward Grafton. After ten years, drifting from one part of the world to the other, he had finally come to Havana and for six months had been living at the famous old Ingleterra Hotel. Reticent in nature, strange in habits and peculiar in temper—Edward Grafton had made

but few friends. Strange as it seemed to him, after he began life as the prodigal he had not become the spendthrift he expected to be. Neither had he developed into a lover of evil which he contemplated would become a fixed habit. For this reason, while he had denied himself no indulgence during these eventful years, he found that he still had a substantial fortune left. London, Paris, Berlin, the Riviera, old Egypt, India and Japan had all taken a part of his income, but there was still a large share of the principal yet untouched.

As he was leaving the Malecon for his hotel a heavily veiled woman approached him and in a soft, cultivated voice said:—

“Excuse me, sir, but I am hungry and you will do an act of mercy if you will help an unfortunate with the price of a dinner.”

This was nothing new to Grafton and he was about to hand the woman a piece of money when something in the tone of her voice caused him to draw it back. Then, too, he was lonesome, had not yet had his own dinner, and in a rather nonchalant manner he replied:—

“I am sorry for any one who is hungry and without the price of a meal. Of course I could not refuse. But you do not look like one who is poor. Your clothes bespeak prosperity and your voice has the tone of one who has known the best life has to offer.”

“That is true, sir,” the woman responded, “but just at this time nothing stands between me and actual want. It is true I have known better days—but that will not help when one needs food to tide over until to-morrow.”

“Then come with me to dinner,” Grafton said. “I have the price, but I’m in want also,—in need of companionship—and you perhaps know that soul-hunger is often worse than physical.”

They went into a small dining room nearby—for

which Havana is famous—and soon the two were enjoying a most delicious dinner.

It was a strange meeting. The man had changed but little during the ten years, but Ethel May had “paid in full.” The woman usually gets the worst of the Devil’s game. In spite of the changes which Time had wrought on her beautiful face Grafton soon recognized her, but kept this knowledge to himself. He had grown a full beard and wore heavy dark glasses so that the woman did not suspect, in the least, who he was. As soon as he noticed that he was not recognized he used every effort to shield his identity from his companion.

II

Strange to say, since their parting they had lived entirely different lives. The man had given way to every wild impulse of prodigal living while the woman had by almost super-human effort walked the narrow path of purity since her first false step. At the time that step was taken she was the most beautiful woman in the select set in which she moved. Fortunately for her she had come into possession of her inheritance from her father’s estate and was financially independent. When misfortune overtook her she went to a city in the west and while she did not need to work, she took up nursing as a profession. Under an assumed name she had remained there, happy, in a way, in trying to be kind to others.

Then a sudden impulse to do something unusual came upon her—the spirit of adventure, inherited from an erratic father, took possession of her whole being. She went to Havana, taking a letter of credit for a considerable part of her money and had been there only a short time when the Ethel May of ten years before asserted herself again. She found herself the same uncontrollable person—filled with the spirit of adventure and a wild desire of money-making. It seemed to

her that she was absolutely helpless. During the past ten years the spirit of content seemed to have ruled her—for she worked away at nursing with no special desire for anything else.

This new influence came upon her like a terrible thirst. It impelled, commanded and moved her. Under its spell she was helpless. It arose in her like a demon and drove her against every natural wish.

Somehow this new desire took the form of speculation and a few days after her arrival she found herself buying chances in every lottery enterprise in the city. She remembered then that this had been one of the outstanding vices of her father. He played every game of chance and fortunately for his family with unfailling success.

For a while her investments were profitable. Money came easy. Then all of a sudden the goddess of chance frowned. She lost day after day. Her letter of credit was running low. Suddenly in the same spirit of "risk" she staked her all on a big drawing and lost every penny. It was this which brought her down to the humiliating position of asking for a dinner, while she waited for a long delayed draft to be paid. She was in a city where everyone to her was a stranger, and to ask for help was her only recourse.

III

It was an unusual dinner party. These two drifters, after ten years, were face to face again. There was something pathetic in the meeting and when Grafton realized who his guest was, he made every effort to have the little dinner as near perfect as possible. There was the cocktail, which helped start a line of friendly talk, then followed the dishes in a faultless course, choice old wines being served with each.

The woman remained unconscious as to the identity of her host, but marvelled at his generosity towards a stranger. To be forced to make such a request was

the most humiliating event in her life, yet she was treated with so much consideration that this was soon forgotten. Every part of the table talk was so chaste and guarded that she might have been dining with her nearest friend.

In fact there was a reason for this. No sooner had Grafton recognized Ethel May in his guest than a strange feeling came over him, which he could not account for. During all the years of his wayward life this modern prodigal son had been more or less a woman hater. Losing faith in himself, he had lost faith in all women. But when he looked into the eyes of Ethel May on that blustery September night, he became a changed man. Perhaps it was the remnant of an old love that had lain dormant for all these years, or it may have been a deep rooted sympathy for the woman he had wronged. No matter, however, what was back of it, Grafton at once realized that his prodigal days were ended and that henceforth a new chapter would be written into his life. As he listened to her gentle words and looked into the face, now grown so wistful through suffering, a new power rose up in his soul, a new determination took possession of him. His past became a hopeless desert of waste and he wondered how he could have the heart to live, as he had, the best years of his youth in such an aimless manner.

As a matter of fact an overwhelming love for the woman he had wronged took possession of the man. This became the most intensely interesting hour in his whole life. All the years he had wasted as a spendthrift, playing with every form of pleasure and dissipation that came his way, now meant nothing to this hardened man of the world. Every word that fell from her lips became a symphony of rare music. At last he was face to face with the only thing which could make him happy. Thousands of miles of dissolute wandering had brought him finally to his ingle-nook of contentment. As soft lights fell upon her worn face he

saw there the fixedness of his destiny. He must now liquidate his indebtedness to life and to this one woman—provided she would allow him to do so. After all, chance had been kind in bringing him to this island of tropical beauty.

Every moment was fraught with intensity. His thoughts and conclusions flew thick and fast. No matter what Ethel May had been since the last time he saw her—what remained of her future should be his—if she would permit. It would make no difference to him how low she had fallen—her sins might be as scarlet—her career might have been even worse than his—none of this would play any part with his future, so far as he was concerned—she must be his, if that were possible.

IV

Finally the little dinner ended. Mellowed by the choice old wine, which was part of the meal, these two strange characters talked freely. After the last sip of *demi tasse* Grafton looked at her somewhat flushed face and said:—

“This has been the most delightful hour I have known for years and I’m sorry the little meal is over.”

She looked at him surprised. Was there something familiar in his voice? Somehow a strange film seemed to come over her eyes. In the moment of silence which followed the shadows of a dead past seemed to cross her vision. Quickly her thoughts went backward and she was somehow linking this stranger with the only man she had ever loved—the man she had loved so well that she had refused to marry him, because, by doing so she feared his life’s happiness would be ruined.

But this train of thought came to an abrupt ending when, still holding her hand, Edward Grafton said:—

“Ethel, is it possible you do not know me? Have the years been so cruel that you do not recognize the

man who ruined your life—your own bright girlhood, and in so doing, likewise ruined his own?”

She drew back for a moment, disengaged her hand he was holding and tried to leave the little room.

Her pride was hurt, even after all the knocks a heartless world had given her; and she made every effort to escape before Grafton realized how earnest she was. But he was even more determined:—During their hour together he had cast the die for his future and leaning close to her face he whispered:—

“No, you shall not escape this time. It is all very clear to me now why you refused to let me right my wrong done you ten years ago. During the last hour I have lived more than all the balance of my life combined. For the first time I have really learned what love is. It came over me with such an overwhelming force that all else in life seems of little value. It has swept away all my old theories and set up new standards in their place. We have suffered alike—our cup of misfortune has been full and we have tasted the last drop. Do not refuse me the one thing that will save me from further ruin. I have enough left of a half squandered fortune for us to start life anew. You can make or ruin me as you choose. Do not refuse.”

V

In a moment she recognized who her generous host was. It came to her in a peculiar lisp of his voice. Then, in a soft tone she said:—

“We cannot talk here; let’s go out into the little park in front.”

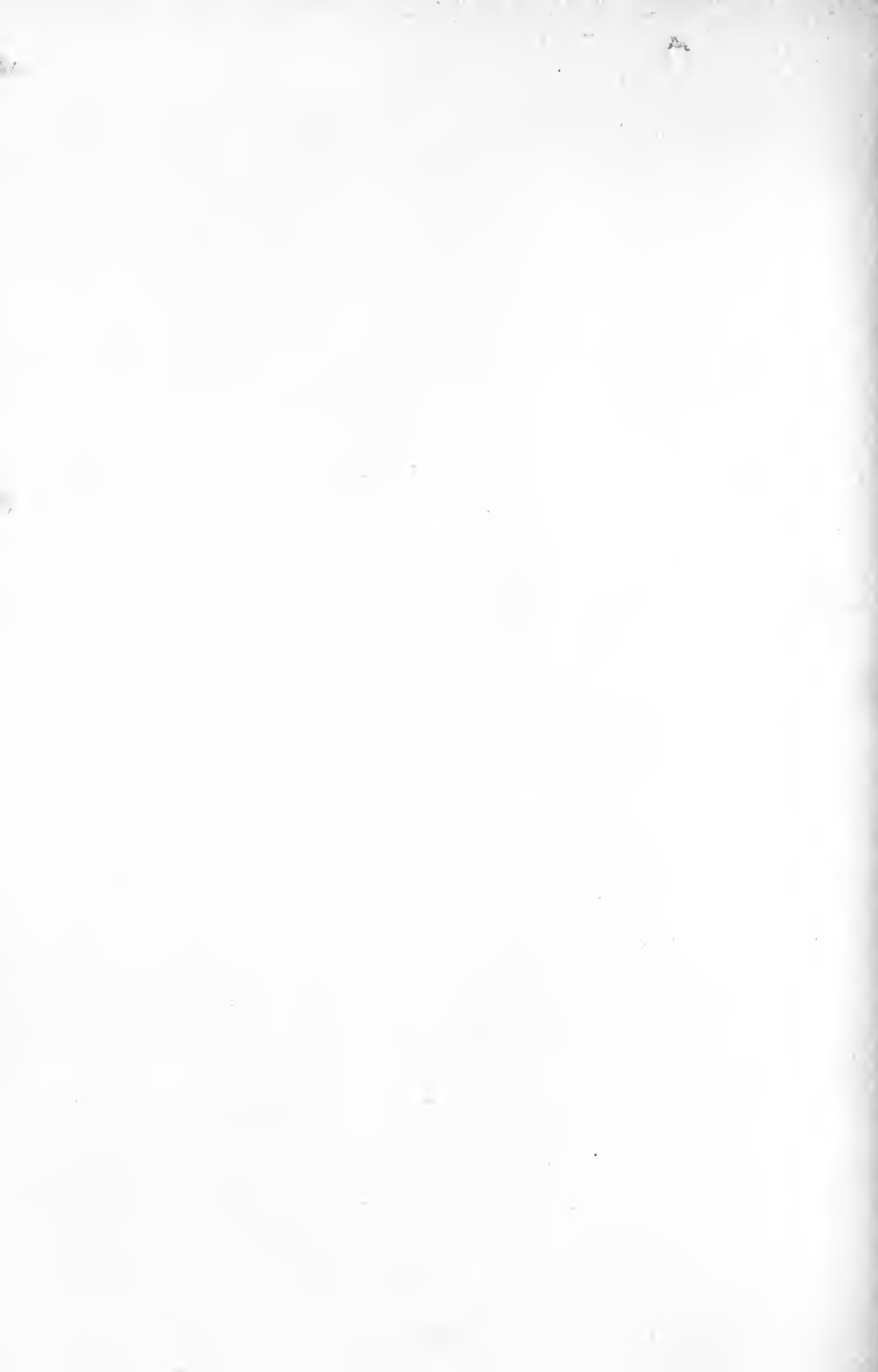
Outside they found that the storm had blown away and the Cuban moonlight flooded the tropical vegetation. The palm trees glistened like sheets of silver against the star-studded sky. Nature was as soothed again as were these two once restless hearts.

Sitting alone and apart she told him the story of her dreary past. There was no upbraiding—no fault to

find with him—only gratitude for his kindness to her.

And later as they walked through the little park, on the way to her apartments, the invisible figure of Love followed the footsteps of these strange prodigals, who had started life anew on the highway of happiness.

A few days afterwards the little steamer, *Mascot*, rounded the Morro castle headland, out of Havana harbor. On the after deck stood bride and groom, watching the fading outlines of the ancient city, its spires, steeples and mass of low constructed buildings, with a background of cocoanut trees and royal palms. And as the turrets of the old castle faded from view in the distance, each felt that they were leaving forever their old life with its heart-aches and deception and entering a new career as calm and placid as the still waters of the gulf over which they sailed.



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Dreams of Yesterday	Songs of Florida Shores.

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It is a pleasure, therefore, to announce this new volume by Mr. Harman, in the production of which no expense has been spared. These "Collected Poems" will add new laurels to the author's reputation as the writer of exquisite verse.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Mr. Harman's books have, perhaps, a larger clientele of appreciative readers than any living Southern poet has ever enjoyed. The first edition of "Collected Poems" and "The Window of Souls" has been largely sold and to make sure of a copy, orders should be sent at once. The price is \$2.00 per copy postage paid.

Send orders either direct to the publishers or through your local book seller.

THE STATE COMPANY,
Publishers and Distributors,
Columbia, S. C.

THE WINDOW OF SOULS

THREE STORIES INCLUDED IN THE VOLUME OF "COLLECTED POEMS."

Real character can only be understood when seen through the window of one's soul. People walk through life from youth to old age, covered by a thin veneer of pretence and pass to honored graves.

The world is flooded with books, dealing in cheap society characters, silly conversation and people who know little and feel less. To paint life as it is characters must feel deeply and act from impulse—those who have gone into the depths and suffered. And to see them as they are we must view them through the windows of their souls.

This is the age of intolerance. Society shuns the unfortunate, our courts send them to wear prison stripes; neither considers the fact that we inherit all the weaknesses of our parents.

Modern society has forgotten the fact that the Master pardoned the scarlet woman, cried out against hypocrisy and told the thief on the cross: "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise."

In the following stories we look through the window of souls at each individual and see the powerful influence which Heredity exerts in the formation of character. Old as the subject is it is the most interesting question under discussion today. Characters are made or lost through the price of blood, no matter what part education and environment may have played in the life of the individual.

If civilization does anything for human uplift it should teach us the spirit of mercy toward the unfortunate. Yet, in spite of this, Shylock clamors more violently today for his pound of flesh than ever before in the world's history.

That those who read these stories will finish them with more charity in their souls is the sincere wish of the author.



REVIEW OF MR. HARMAN'S LITERARY WORK

(From *The Boston Transcript*.)

I found in Mr. Harman's poetry, not an echo, but a feeling for nature, a spiritual passion, though it concerns itself with the humbler things of life, that makes the glow in the art of Sidney Lanier. There is much of that poignant personal utterance common in both poets, the difference being that in Lanier the soul searches throughout the infinite for the divine manifestations of peace and beauty, while in Harman the soul is content to find in common experiences close at hand the same divine manifestations of peace and beauty.

This more serious thoughtfulness that I have indicated does not necessarily mean that it is the most significant part of Mr. Harman's art. He loves Nature as I have shown, with a passion for her forms and colors, her changing aspects of seasons, for her manifestations of character in places with which his life has been associated. He does something more than use her profuse loveliness to decorate a pretty rhyme; he finds in her symbols of deeper things, of the spirit, and of influences which touched the heart of humanity. But he brings another message to his readers in these poems, such a message as is the essential mood and substance in the art of such poets as Longfellow and James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field. It has its plentiful sprinklings of pathos and tenderness and brooding music, but it is the wholesomeness, the ideal of aspiring faith, that gives to his songs their heartening and irresistible appeal. The poet does not vex his readers with any symbol of philosophy, but the essence of a philosophy imbues all he sings with a conspicuous and easy grace.

Yet this quality is only a pathway in Mr. Harman's poetry to the crowning heights of his muse where dwells the god to whom his melodies and dreams become an oblation. Love is that god, but the poet does not conceive him as the popular and irrelevant idol of a light-hearted fancy. He becomes the master-passion of the human heart; of which the sentiment that compels man to worship woman, and woman to glorify the worship by acceptance, and for which she exchanges in equal measure her devotion, is but a part, though it is the most beautiful and vital of this passion. This passion comes into all other human relationships as well, breathing its perfume of many sentiments, and quieting the emotions in the many moods of Mr. Harman's poetry.

Poetry that has so much deep feeling, so many charming graces of expression, in which the rich and varied sentiments of common human experience are woven all through with the fragrance and mystery, the delightful companionship of nature, is certainly worthy of that wider admiration among poetry lovers which it is steadily winning.

AN ESTIMATE FROM HOME PEOPLE

"I want to send you my sincere thanks for the great service you have done me in sending me Mr. Harman's 'In Love's Domain.' My long absence from my native State has caused me to miss Mr. Harman's work, and it was a pleasure to find it so beautiful and true. It is not a mere versification that I find in this book, but poetry, literature and noble feeling cast in noble form. I hope you will present my compliments to Mr. Harman, and express to him my deep sense of pride in his work and appreciation of his thoughtfulness."—President Edwin Alderman, University of Virginia.

(EDITORIAL FROM THE ATLANTA JOURNAL.)

Whoever prizes the gold of the sun and the green of the fields will find treasure aplenty in Mr. H. E. Harman's new poems. In a day when clever conceits and so-called new ideas are the fad in verse, it is refreshing to find a man who goes back to primal haunts and gives us a song with the old, red, warm blood running through it. Poetry is as old as the stars, and like the stars, too, it is forever young. It links all our yesterdays with all our to-morrows. It is the savor of old wine, the glow of old wood on the hearthstone, the wisdom of old books, the cheer of old friends.

Such are the themes of Mr. Harman's songs. He tells us again out of his own heart, and simply, of the things that have always and always will mean much to mankind.

(FROM THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.)

Signal literary recognition has come to Henry E. Harman, a well-known citizen and capitalist of Atlanta, in an extended and favorable review recently given Mr. Harman's poetical selections by no less critical authority than The Boston (Mass.) Transcript. The Constitution reproduces portions of The Transcript's appreciation, though the entire review extends over two columns.

The Transcript is foremost among American newspapers in its literary standards. To the culture of Boston, it adds exacting traditions and ideals of its own. The imprimature of its approval means that a writer has "arrived" in a sense truly national. And it is as a national poet, nation-wide in vision and horizon, that The Transcript acclaims the Atlanta man.

It is rare, in these days of materialism, that a poet sings with sufficient clearness to draw to him the eyes of the nation. That is what Mr. Harman has done. It is more notable, in that, like Edmund Clarence Stedman, the famous banker-litterateur of New York, he adds practical achievement to his remarkable gifts as a poet and a scholar.

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